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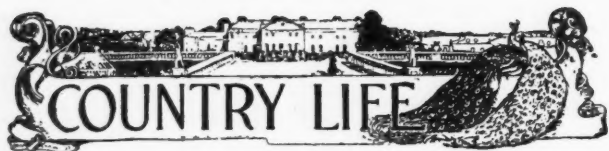
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LAFAYETTE,

THE HON. MRS. G. LAWSON JOHNSTON.

179, New Bond Street W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

* * A supplement, that will be of interest to garden-lovers, is included in this week's issue.

BUILDING BYE-LAWS REFORM ASSOCIATION

LOVERS of good building will learn with satisfaction that definite steps have at length been taken to bring order out of the chaotic building bye-laws now prevalent in this country. The gathering was at 29, Southampton Row. Sir William Chance was elected chairman and an initial provisional council formed. The object of the association is to limit the official control of private buildings to what is required purely and simply by the necessities of the public health. It is called in general terms the Building Bye-laws Reform Association, but it is understood that the first object taken in hand by it will be the reform of rural bye-laws. No doubt in urban districts and in the London building laws there are many things that could stand reformation or complete removal, but the association, in our opinion, is doing very wisely to take up only one branch of the subject at a time. Sir William Chance, in a brief preliminary speech, gave a history of the proceedings which have led to this step. In 1900 and 1901 a little committee of experts was formed, and the various bye-laws were subjected to a keen, but perfectly fair, criticism, the outcome of which was the series of articles in COUNTRY LIFE, which ultimately induced the Local Government Board to withdraw the old and obnoxious bye-laws and to substitute others of more reasonable character. It now devolved upon the local bodies to take advantage of the concession made at headquarters and to draw up reasonable and wise regulations to be applied to their building. But this was counting the chickens before they were hatched. An old proverb says that one man can take a horse to the water, but ten cannot make him drink. The local bodies, metaphorically speaking, were taken to the water, but they absolutely refused to pay any attention to the fact. They went on with the bad and stupid bye-laws that the Local Government Board had tacitly condemned. Our "Correspondence" columns from then till now, with scarcely any intermission, have borne witness to the continued oppression. The most notorious case was that of Mr. Till, on which we commented a few weeks ago. Mr. Till had built a small cottage, surrounded by its own garden and thoroughly isolated from every other human dwelling, but

because he used wood in its construction the local body demanded that he should pull it down. After some pourparlers had passed, he refused to do this, with the result that eventually he was summoned before the magistrates and mulcted in substantial costs because of his disinterested endeavour to improve the condition of his poorer neighbours. The case was just about as scandalous as could be imagined, and indeed after our statement of affairs no one contended any longer that these bye-laws were either just or necessary. Mr. Till was placed in the unique and favourable position of obtaining the sympathy and help of the Local Government Board while he had to encounter the antipathy of the small body at Dartford. The case was one of especial interest to Mr. Hanbury, the President of the Board of Agriculture. As most of us know, he takes most seriously the exodus of the labouring population from the land, and he recognises that one of the strongest reasons for this continual moving townwards is the scarcity of cheap and decent cottages. Mr. Till had made an extremely praiseworthy attempt to overcome this obstacle. He had built a cottage at about the minimum of expenditure, which nevertheless provided reasonable accommodation for a small family, and had the very great advantage of being so constructed that additions could easily be made if the necessities of the owners required it. The case, in fact, would have justified Mr. Hanbury's interference, and what we know of his character justifies us in a belief that he would have taken active measures to prevent the house being pulled down. However, as matters turned out, his intervention was not called for. The District Council was more amenable to reason than the Oxfordshire County Council had been under circumstances that were somewhat similar.

On Tuesday, December 4th, at a fully-attended meeting, it was decided by a majority of one of the Dartford District Council that henceforth the use of timber, under similar circumstances, should be allowed in all the parishes over which it had control—that is to say, Crayford, Darenth, Eynsford, Stone, Sutton-on-Hone, Swanscombe, and Wilmington. Mr. Till's opposition, therefore, has had the definite result of improving the conditions of building throughout the neighbourhood in which he lives, and the Local Government Board, by promptly acknowledging the letter from the Rural District Council, announcing its decision and expressing satisfaction at its terms, fully endorsed the verdict of the majority. This, from our point of view, is highly satisfactory, and yet it is only beginning the reform of the building bye-laws. The fact is notorious that in many other parishes throughout Great Britain, where there is not the slightest necessity for any such regulation, the use of timber is prohibited, just as it was at Eynsford, and the new association ought not to rest until reasonable freedom for the individual is obtained in all these places. Of course a certain amount of interference or supervision may be necessary, but one would think it would be quite sufficient if an authorised servant of the local bodies were to examine the house after it had been built and declare whether it were fit for healthy human habitation or not. The formality of sending in plans for these little cottages and obliging the builders to make them all according to a uniform pattern, or at least in accordance with a model, has very great drawbacks. It absolutely prohibits anything in the nature of individuality in building, and it also adds very considerably to the expense. We should not forget that even now Mr. Till stands in the position of a martyr. That is to say, he had his own law costs to pay and also those of the District Council. Now the reversal of their previous decision reduces this judgment to absurdity. If they are right, as no one denies they are, in withdrawing the regulation against the use of timber, then it was entirely wrong that Mr. Till should be practically fined for doing what is now regarded as having been perfectly admissible. It will not be satisfactory until every penny that he has been called upon to lay out for law expenses is refunded. The mere fact that a man, however right he may be, is in danger of incurring all the worry and outlay incidental to going to law is sufficient in itself to deter any but a few very strong fighting men from taking up a determined attitude; and if it can still be said that Mr. Till, although nominally he comes out of this victorious, in reality is a considerable loser, the case will act as a deterrent rather than as an encouragement to those who are anxious to experiment in the building of cottages. The new association may congratulate itself on having started with a case whose history so abundantly proves the righteousness of its objects, but at the same time has yet scarcely done its duty unless it pursues it to the end, and sees that the expenses of the defendant are refunded.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

THE Hon. Mrs. G. Lawson Johnston, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, is the daughter of Lord St. John of Bletsoe. Her marriage to Mr. G. Lawson Johnston of Raynham Hall on the 4th inst. was one of the most brilliant functions in Norfolk society. On page 775 is a pretty group of the children of the Marquess and Marchioness of Hamilton.



SMITHFIELD WEEK is always an early intimation of the fact that Christmas is looming in the immediate future. This year it has had appropriate, if not very pleasant, weather, and the numerous farmers and other country folk who have populated the streets for the last few days look even more like their calling than usual in their muffings and heavy overcoats. Among the country people who come up to Smithfield we hope it will not be considered disrespectful to include His Majesty the King, who arrived from Sandringham on Monday and paid his accustomed visit to the show of fat stock. A very pleasant visit it must have been, for, as everybody knows, he is as great a farmer as any of his immediate predecessors, and that is saying a good deal. His Majesty has always taken a great deal of pride in his studs and flocks and herds, and the distinction that he carried off on Monday was one to yield him a peculiar satisfaction, nor could any victory have been more popular.

General Botha and General Delarey, accompanied by other prominent Boers, are now on their way to South Africa, and it will be generally conceded that they would have served their country more by staying there than by making the prolonged visit to Europe. The net result of their proceedings on the Continent and in Great Britain has been to accentuate the animosities of the two nations which existed before the war, while their appeal for funds has not been helped, but hindered by the politics introduced into it. Perhaps it is not quite fair to make this comment on the occasion of General Botha returning to Africa, because he has shown an amount of prudence and common-sense that with advantage might have been imitated by some of the lesser generals. But even he would probably have been more usefully employed at home. England began by showing an almost unparalleled generosity to the conquered enemy, and the wiser policy would have been to encourage this friendly feeling, rather than by appealing to the Continental countries, who have never shown much friendliness to Britain, to keep alive ill-feeling that would have been much better to have allowed to die. The Boers will be well-advised now that they have become English subjects in name to join heart and soul with the other subjects of King Edward VII. There is no desire to oppress them in any way, or to retard the recovery of prosperity in South Africa; nothing can do that except their own blindness and the expression of prejudices and dislikes that now concern any useful purpose.

The presentation of an ultimatum can never be anything else but serious, and yet it is difficult to feel very grave about that which Great Britain and Germany have jointly presented to Venezuela. That it was necessary is admitted by the men of all parties. Indeed, the conduct of Venezuela is hard to reconcile with the idea that it is a civilised State. However, a very little sternness may perhaps have the effect of bringing them to reason. Mr. Balfour in giving intimation to the House of Commons did not use the word ultimatum at all, but Count von Bülow was not so scrupulous, and there can be no doubt now but that if the President of Venezuela does not find means to bring about the immediate settlement of the accounts down to the end of the last Civil War, and equivocal assurances with regard to the payment of the balance, that there will be trouble in his State. This is the end of two years of trouble, but even President Roosevelt, with all his zeal for the Munro doctrine, will scarcely be able to find a pretext for interference.

Mr. Wanklyn, M.P., who chose the opportunity of Mr. Arthur Balfour's presence at the Prince's Golf Club, Mitcham (for the purpose of a presentation to Mr. Mallaby Dreley, the managing director and honorary secretary of the club), for making quite a little speech with the *mens sana in corpore sano* for text. Part of the speech, at any rate, was very much to the point, for Mr. Wanklyn observed that he regarded the health of our Ministers as a national asset. Probably they could indulge

in no pastime more completely combining healthy exercise in the open air with perfect safety, or as near an approach to safety as man may desire. But surely Mr. Wanklyn was going a little too far when he said that "there could be no doubt that if Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Forster had played golf their days would have been lengthened." Lord Randolph's case was exceptional; Mr. W. H. Smith lived to a good age, and was not a man of a figure for golf; and Mr. Forster, harassed as he was, did not die until he was sixty-eight. Such personal references are really a mistake.

Deep regret is felt, especially amongst the crack riflemen of England, concerning the tragic death of Lieutenant-Colonel T. Lamb, which occurred on board the Cunarder Etruria on Saturday morning. He was one of the little band of regular officers who, by founding the Army Rifle Association, by precept and example, have done more than the world at large knows to advance rifle-shooting in the Regular Army. As a major in the 1st Battalion of the South Lancashire Regiment he did good service in South Africa, and was mentioned in despatches by Sir Redvers Buller. The loss of an eye at Pieter's Hill by no means cooled his ardour for rifle-shooting, or impaired his skill, and at the last Bisley meeting he did remarkably well, sharing with Major Gibbs the honour of making the highest score in the English team which won the Elcho Shield. He was noted for a taciturnity which, at one time, took so extreme a form that, with the object of warding off questions, he would walk across Bisley Common with a card in his hat stating his exploits, good or bad, of the day. But, by those who knew him, he was most warmly esteemed as a strong man and a modest.

The winter weather, of which we have had an experience during the last few days, has had the effect of causing many correspondents to write to us asking for directions about feeding birds, such as from time to time have appeared in our pages. Perhaps for their guidance it may be as well to say that the more important contributions on this subject appeared in Nos. 260, 265, and 304 of COUNTRY LIFE. Of course, the word "table" is really unnecessary under the circumstances, as birds can be fed anywhere, and local conditions must decide about the best way of attending to them. The simplest of all bird-tables is the old-fashioned window-sill, at which crumbs were put out for the robins that in winter time come so freely to the country houses. Except when there is a heavy fall of snow, the feeding of birds on any extensive scale is best done on the lawn, although for tits and birds of that kind it is worth while hanging a marrow-bone to a tree, as their manœuvres to get at the food add greatly to the pleasure of what at any time is a pleasant sight. Some time ago we suggested that Christmas-tree for the birds was rather a pretty idea. It is amusing, although, of course, everybody knows that outside of myth and legend none of the birds pay any attention to days or seasons. Indeed, the only objection that can be taken to the bird Christmas-tree is that it may be built for mere novelty, and the feathered guests be neglected later when they are in hard distress. We cannot help taking this occasion to thank the many correspondents who have so kindly told us what was their individual practice.

Like everything else, the weather has a dark side to it. In poetry and romance it is very pleasant indeed to have the snow and ice, skating and all the rest of it. But, as we are reminded by an appeal issued by the Bishop of London, it seems something very different to that great mass of people who are living on the verge of starvation, and to whom a little more or less makes all the difference between comparative comfort and utter wretchedness. For some years past trade has been so good and the number of unemployed so few that the public are always ready to forget. They do not remember the number of people who went about the streets in the hard year 1894-95. At present we seem to be threatened with something like a recurrence of those dreadful times. The number of those out of employment is very much larger than it has been for a considerable number of years past, and the hard weather is making itself keenly felt. We can only hope that the Bishop's appeal will be successful in bringing about the establishment of soup kitchens, the distribution of clothes, and other means that can be reasonably adopted towards the removal of distress.

In connection with the hard weather, there is one point which ought not to be lost sight of. Among the more acute sufferers from it are the soldiers who have come back from the war and have been unable to find employment. It is stated on what seems to be good authority that "the casual wards of every workhouse in the country are nightly thronged with Reservists and time-expired soldiers who have sought in vain for an opportunity to earn an honest living." In the casual ward of Canterbury Workhouse one night not long ago no fewer than twenty-five recently discharged soldiers were sheltered. Many of these men were discharged with characters marked "very good"

or "exemplary." Now it will be something of a national shame if no attempt on a large scale is made to find relief for these defenders of our country. It has several times been urged that private employers of labour might do good by finding situations wherever possible, but things have come to such a pitch that it is no longer safe to rely upon individual effort, and means should be adopted for finding work for the whole of these men. A subscription list has been opened, and if that were to receive sufficient response, no doubt it would meet the necessities of the case; but if not, then other means must be adopted, for it is intolerable that men who have gallantly fought for their country abroad should be allowed to come back to starve.

TRUSLEY BROOK.

But one more fence to jump, and there
A line of pollard willows shows,
In horrible distinctness, where
Its swollen current flows.

In days gone past, for many a man
Who strove its gaping width to clear,
Tho' travelling well and in the van,
The run has ended here.

I loved it when the wild flowers blew
Their fragrance to the summer breeze,
Or when a swift-winged streak of blue
Skimmed past me thro' the trees.

I loved it well when, hid from sight,
I marked my Green Drake tempt a trout;
A silver flash, a plunge, a fight
Hard fought, and he was out.

But now the turf is soft and wet,
That rippling stream is rushing high,
Its hanging banks are rotten—yet
It must be do or die.

A check? Oh, no such luck to-day;
With such a scent they need no guide,
Already half a field away
Upon the other side.

Will he refuse? Now life or death!
Put on the pace! A glorious bound,
A swirling torrent underneath,
Then—over safe and sound.

Over, and that well-nigh alone;
You beauty! How I pat your neck!
To bygone fears we need not own;
Thank Heaven, they did not check!

R. S. T. C.

The immensity of London traffic is curiously illustrated by an article which appears in a recent issue of the *Light Railway and Tramway Journal*. It is stated that the number of suburban trains running in and out of London daily is no fewer than 7,475, of which 1,600 belong to the Great Eastern, the South-Eastern and Chatham, and London, Brighton, and South Coast following with numbers that are very little short of this. The passengers they carry is estimated at about two millions, and the statistician who is responsible for the article proves by calculations that we cannot go into just now, but which appear to be perfectly plausible, that over 607 million passengers have to be carried per annum. He estimates that about 30 millions are carried by cabs, 10 millions by private vehicles, and an equal number by Thames steamboats, and the grand total of passengers carried annually is 1,900 millions. Such figures are possibly not quite accurate—indeed, we can scarcely imagine them to be so—but they are sufficiently near to give an idea of the immense traffic that has to be dealt with in London. Often enough we grumble about the condition of the streets and the difficulty experienced in getting from place to place, but considering the unparalleled concourse of people that have been brought together in the capital of Great Britain, the greatest wonder is that locomotion should be possible at all.

The house and grounds of Abbotsford may shortly be presented to the people of Scotland. Mr. Alexander McDonald, the millionaire capitalist of Clifton, has made a direct offer of purchase, himself laying down the preliminary condition that the house, if purchased, should at once be handed over to trustees representing the Scottish people. Mr. McDonald's offer has been conveyed to the agents for the Abbotsford estate, but as yet nothing is known as to whether the offer will be accepted, although the price is generous.

We hear of an interesting attempt that is in course of being made in one of the southern counties of England, where there is a large extent of woodland, to acclimatise and establish the chipmunk, that pretty little creature, like a small squirrel, which moves with such astonishing rapidity that the eye hardly can follow it. There is not the least reason why the experiment should not be successful, and as a matter of fact we believe that

the chipmunk actually has been established already on a property in the West of Scotland where there are extensive woods. It would be an interesting and pretty addition to the small fauna of our woods. At the same time, it is to be said that the introduction of new creatures is always attended with some element of danger, for it is impossible to foresee the ultimate result. Squirrels already are found to be mischievous enough in some parts of the country, and the man who introduced our rabbit to Australia, and no doubt thought he was doing a good work, would hardly have a statue erected to him as a national benefactor to-day.

Americans are lamenting the gradual disappearance of one of "Brer Rabbit's" most famous brothers, the world-famed Chesapeake terrapin. Hunters all down the bay are complaining of the scarcity of the diamond-backed creature, and experience the greatest difficulty in finding the famous rabbit which for long has enjoyed both a literary and culinary fame. It is not so long ago either, that the same regulation was made with regard to the terrapin and slave-owners as that which existed at one time in London re the Thames salmon. Slaves in the one case, and apprentices in the other, objected to being fed on terrapin or salmon more than once a week. One of the worst features of the case is that the terrapin, if he disappears from Chesapeake Bay, will disappear entirely, for, in spite of all attempts to rear him, the Chesapeake terrapin will not exist in captivity, but dies out in a very short time.

In the latter end of November some of the recently cropped copses in the South of England were quite carpeted with primroses that came into bloom during the St. Martin's summer, and bravely withstood the few days of frost and cold east wind that followed it.

The falling off in the number of the Volunteer Force, as compared with last year's total, is, of course, to be regretted, but we hardly see in it cause for the alarm that is expressed in some quarters. It is so natural as to be almost inevitable. Perhaps it hardly is desirable—at all events, it was not to be expected—that the country should remain in the same fervour of martial enthusiasm as during the last few years. That enthusiasm was most admirable and valuable at the time, but it has served its turn, and it seems to us that it would be distinctly a morbid symptom if it were to become chronic. Moreover, there is another reason that may account in some degree for the diminished figures on the Volunteer list, and that is that some recruits who might otherwise have passed into the local Volunteer corps have gone into the local rifle corps instead. Admirable as we believe these rifle corps to be for the purpose of furnishing us with a raw material already acquainted with the grammar of rifle-shooting, it is not reasonable to suppose that they would not have some slight influence in diverting men from the Volunteers. A balance of good is no doubt done by the rifle corps, but no institution in this world is from every point of view perfect.

The year that is passing has been peculiarly disappointing for the landscape artist. It has been tantalising, for the beauties of the foliage have been unusually striking, especially the autumn colouring. But the weather has been so capricious, and on the whole so cold and wet, that out-of-door sketching hardly has been possible.

Whatever may be the change of environment, romance itself remains immutable. Who would ever have dreamed that the motor-car would be utilised for the purpose of elopement? Yet that has occurred in Paris, though the circumstances are not very clearly stated. A Dr. Marcile had been engaged to Mlle. le Play, daughter of a senator. For some reason or other her father broke off the engagement; so Dr. Marcile borrowed a motor-car, and in the company of five friends waited before the house to which the girl was coming with her governess to take her music lesson. On her arrival the doctor and one of his friends carried her off in the motor-car, though whether she was a willing or an unwilling captive is not stated; but the two went gaily off at full speed, and we hope they found the modern equivalent of Gretna Green at some convenient distance. The girl, by the by, is only eighteen years of age, so that a little romance is quite excusable on her part.

The annual close time for salmon angling has set in on the Tweed and other Northern rivers. It has been on the whole a favourable season, although the rivers have generally been too low and clear to admit of the best results. With the exception of a few slight rises there has been nothing in the way of a flood to clear out the river and sweep away the accumulations of the summer. The middle waters have given perhaps the finest results, not a few of the casts having rivalled those of last year,

although it was accounted an exceptionally good season; the total catch on some waters numbered about 200 fish, a considerable portion of which were grilse. The largest salmon caught in the Tweed—a fine specimen which weighed 40lb.—was landed by the Hon. Charles Scott at Mertoun. Early but unmistakable signs of salmon disease have, unfortunately, appeared, some dead fish and others affected with the disease having been noticed in the river.

The conservators and others who are interested in the salmon angling on the river Wye seem to have fallen on hard times. There has been a general effort of riparian owners to improve the fishing of this beautiful river by taking off the nets on the estuary and mouth and doing all that is in their power to minimise the many causes on this as on other rivers of the salmon's decrease. Their efforts, however, are meeting with the strongest opposition, even opposition taking the aggressive shape

of assaults on the river watchers, by organised bands of poachers and of those to whom the poaching of the river gives a means or an aid to subsistence. These disturbers of the King's peace have followed the historical precedent of the Porteous rioters in Edinburgh in dressing themselves up, for purposes of better disguise, in women's clothes, and in the likeness of a band of Amazons have fallen on the watchers, who were doing no more than their duty in enforcing the law. The conflicts have taken place on the upper reaches of the river, in the neighbourhood of Rhayader, where there are many of the "navvy" class employed on the waterworks, but curiously enough the "navvies" seem to be rather on the side of the law, and opposed to the resident inhabitants, from whom the rioters are recruited. Some twenty-five years ago there were disturbances of a like nature, the salmon poachers terribly maltreating the water-bailiffs. A quarter of a century seems to have taught the people no greater respect for the law of the land—or of the river.

REINDEER AND THEIR OWNERS.

THOUGH visitors to Northern Norway are familiar enough with the sight of Lapps at the various steamer stations, and with reindeer in the one or two settlements which owe their existence to the patronage of tourists, yet but few, I fancy, have lived summer after summer, as we have done, in the inland districts frequented by these quaint little people and their reindeer.

As most travellers are aware, the Lapps of Sweden go to Norway in summer, where their animals find abundant pasture on the mountains, and in winter the Lapps of both countries cross back into Sweden, as in the great, low-lying forests there the reindeer can dig with their horns through the snow and subsist on the moss they discover below.

The departure of the Lapps with their families and belongings in the autumn is a striking spectacle. A lengthy string they form—the herds of reindeer, the dogs, the women and children, and the pack-



A LAPP HUT.

reindeer carrying the baggage. Many a time, camping out, we have been visited by Lapps, whose animals graze around our quarters. For some years we dwelt beside a large lake, and the Lapps found that we were very useful in ferrying them across from time to time, an occupation we cared for but indifferently, as a Lapp changes his clothes only twice in the year—at the beginning of summer, when he usually dons a serge costume, and at the beginning of winter, when he attires himself in the skins of his reindeer. Some of the Lapps are wealthy, owning herds of 300 reindeer or more. They are inspected by a Norwegian Government official every September, who arranges as to grazing rights and other matters connected with their yearly immigration into the country. Amongst the tidy, order-loving Norwegians the little people are far from popular, as their reindeer not infrequently trespass on enclosed land and do damage to the crops grown with such difficulty at that latitude, more than 200 miles within the Arctic circle.

The reindeer become very tame, so that a photographer can without much trouble approach them closely. They never attack strangers, though on one occasion I felt startled by the antics of a very big fellow who ran round in circles and suddenly, with



LAPPMEN IN SUMMER AND WINTER DRESS.

lowered horns, made a dash for the smooth reach of a little river where my husband and I were swimming on a hot afternoon. We sprung to land, climbed into the boat hastily, and, freeing the anchor, pushed off into mid-stream, ready to defend ourselves with fishing-rods and an ice-axe. However, the animal simply rushed through the water, and, scrambling up the bank, galloped off into the forest, giving me a superb chance of a photograph had I been in a less dripping condition.

The Lapps are less obliging as to photography; I have found them far shyer of the camera than even the Arabs. Any good results I have had have been due to concealment of the instrument till the last moment. The women are still more afraid of the evil eye of the camera than the men, and the accompanying illustration is from the only negative I have managed to secure of Lappish ladies.

The scene of Miss Beatrice Harraden's recently completed novel is laid in the districts where these views were taken, and her descriptions may tend to bring visitors to the little-frequented shores of the Lyngenfjord and Ulfssjford. Let anyone who likes a thoroughly barbarous, eminently comfortable and restful holiday take a trout rod, a gun, and, if he be a climber, an ice-axe, and settle at the little wooden unused hut on the shore of the Jaegervand, or "Hunter's Lake." He must take beds and bedding, cooking utensils, and such things; in fact, a camping outfit, tent excepted. He will find a lovely stream at the head of the lake, ten minutes' row from the hut, and this he can enter with the boat, tie her up, and fish for hours up the little river. Eventually he will reach a mountain lake, where good sport can also be had. My husband and I have brought home between us on a single afternoon more than sixty trout from the stream, the largest being 1 lb. A tiny tributary coming in on the left is worth ascending as far as the pool, which is the most exquisite shell-like basin of rock I ever saw.

The steamboat station for this delightful spot is Jaegervand,



LAPP WOMEN.

reached twice weekly in four hours from Tromso. The postmaster owns the hut; it can hold three men, has a kitchen with a stove, and may be rented for £1 for the season! The peasants will sell the splendid salmon trout they net in the lake for 30 öre a pound (about 3½d.), and will supply milk. All else must come from Tromso, and Mr. Hansen of the Grand Hotel will, if desired, undertake to send meat and other articles of food.

Till now we have "lain low" about Jaegervand, but we do not in future intend to go so far, and therefore Jaegervand, its stream, its variety of

fishing, its ryper, its Lapps, and its reindeer, is at the disposal of anyone who cares to journey to the land of the midnight sun and live a free, healthy, tranquil life for a month or two amidst some of the most glorious scenery in the world.

AUBREY LE BLOND.



REINDEER IN THE EARLY MORNING



LAPP DOG AND HIS MASTER.

ON THE GREEN.

MY attention has been drawn to some comments in a contemporary on the resolution of the international delegates that all matches in that contest shall be played "to a finish," from which it appears that the writer of these comments has, pardonably enough, misunderstood the meaning of that slightly nebulous phrase. The commentator concludes it to mean that if A beats B by five up and four to play, they must, nevertheless, play the last four holes out—"to a finish." He points out that these remaining holes can have very little interest, with the score, estimated by matches only, quite unaffected by their result. This is obviously just criticism, on his interpretation. But what the phrase must mean, since it is avowedly inserted in order to prevent a dead-heat in the result, is merely that if A and B finish their thirty-six holes all square, they must play out "to a finish" by going on till one or other wins a hole—and, therewith, the game. It does not prevent A and B walking in, without playing the remaining seventeen holes, if one or other of them should be eighteen or nineteen up when nineteen holes have been played.

I have read a letter in COUNTRY LIFE from a



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

DOBBIN AND CHARLIE.

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correspondent who signs himself "W. J. E." saying how glad he is to see the request of the Professional Golfers' Association that only gutta-percha shall be used as the material for golf balls in the open championship, and further he wishes to see the ultimate resolution passed, to which this proposal in regard to the championship probably is meant as the "thin end of the wedge," that no other ball than a "gutter" shall be used at all in the Royal and Ancient game called golf. Under such a dispensation, by the way, we could not, if we would, revert to the old original "feather" balls. Of course every man has a right to his opinion, and "W. J. E." has a perfect right to rejoice in the "gutter" ball, but unless he is one of the hard and erratic hitting players (and from the moderate tone of his letter one would rather suspect him of being a steady player) he really is not right in saying that the "gutter" ball is cheaper. A man who tops his ball hard and frequently will find the Haskell expensive, for a severe top with an iron club does disable them more than a little, creating a gaping dumb mouth of protest at such treatment; also, on a green where there is much rough cover at the sides of the course an erratic driver will lose

balls, and it costs more to lose a Haskell than a "gutter." But with a steady, straight-going player the Haskell becomes, in my humble opinion, a far cheaper ball than the "gutter." For my own play I find it so, and probably, although I am not a really hard hitter in comparison with the Vardons, Braids, "Ted" Blackwells, etc., I hit the ball rather harder than the majority. With my own play I think the Haskell will outlast four or five "gutties." At present, it is true, the professionals do not seem to have overcome all the difficulties of remaking—at least, none of those I have had remade have proved quite equal to the new balls; but probably they will get over this difficulty soon, and, in any case, if the new ball (you can, of course, have it repainted) will wear down four or five "gutties," it is a distinct economy. They seem to have brought up the supply to equal the demand, so that the rubber-cored balls can be bought freely at 25s. or so the dozen. And the less hard a player hits, the longer a Haskell will last him. In a measure that is true of the "gutter" also, but not in equal measure. So if the ball is to be condemned—and for the short game it hardly seems as good as the older kind; though it has other merits more

man counter-balancing these defects—it must not be on the score of economy; except, as I have said, to the man who is very erratic on a course where balls are very apt to be lost, or to the man who tops hard and often. The most recent triumph of the Haskell ball has been in Australia, where the Australasian championship has been won by Mr. Melville, playing with one of these balls. It has a wonderful record to its credit this year.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE BARRAGE GARDENS. . . IN EGYPT. . .

THIS week amidst much rejoicing H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught inaugurated the opening of the Assouan Dam, lately built along the crest of the first cataract of the Nile. The inaugural ceremony for which he visits Egypt will also include visits to the Assiout Barrage, in Middle Egypt and to the Delta Barrage, near Cairo. Of these three works the Assouan Dam is the most imposing. Assiout Barrage, which has been built during the last four years, is also a magnificent work; but neither of these two works is as vitally important to Egypt as the Delta Barrage, which, until the Assouan Dam and Assiout Barrage were constructed, had as an engineering work no rival in Egypt. It consists of two enormous regulators spanning either branch of the Nile, immediately below the point where the river bifurcates into the Rosetta and Damietta branches. Its function is to close, or partly close, the two natural branches of the river in summer, and to force the whole or part of the Nile discharge into the artificial canals which take off from the pool upstream of it. The work was begun in 1843, under French direction, and, after many vicissitudes and delays, was considered officially to be completed in 1861. But actually it was far from being so, and when, in 1867, on an attempt being made to utilise it, it showed unmistakable signs of instability, the structure was practically condemned as insecure, and but little use was thereafter made of it except as a bridge to cross the river. The British occupation began after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, and soon after this English engineers, being entrusted with the direction of the Irrigation Department, took the Barrage in hand and, by skilful construction work applied to the defective regulators, made it do the duty it was originally intended to perform. Quite lately the work has been further strengthened by an ingenious method for consolidating foundations applied to the work itself, and by adding two subsidiary weirs, one on either branch, which take a considerable amount of strain off the original construction, and render it still more efficient. It is these latter

works that are included in the group of large engineering works which will be honoured by His Royal Highness's attention.

The Delta Barrage is not only famous for its engineering performances, but it is also popular as a favourite place for



THE CENTRAL ROCKERY.

picnics and steamer excursions from Cairo by reason of its delightful gardens. The space that is now garden was, on the conclusion of the restoration works, an untidy expanse of heaps and hollows, such as the stacking ground for the materials of a big undertaking appears after the work is done. The heaps of debris were levelled off or removed, the excavation pits were filled up, and unpretentious walks and flower-beds laid out. Later on, from these first beginnings, were developed the neat and picturesque scheme of lawn and flower-bed which the public are free to enjoy. Mr. Walter Draper, F.R.H.S., was engaged at the end of 1895 to lay out and superintend the gardens, and has since applied the training he received at Kew with highly satisfactory results to the general appearance of the Barrage surroundings.

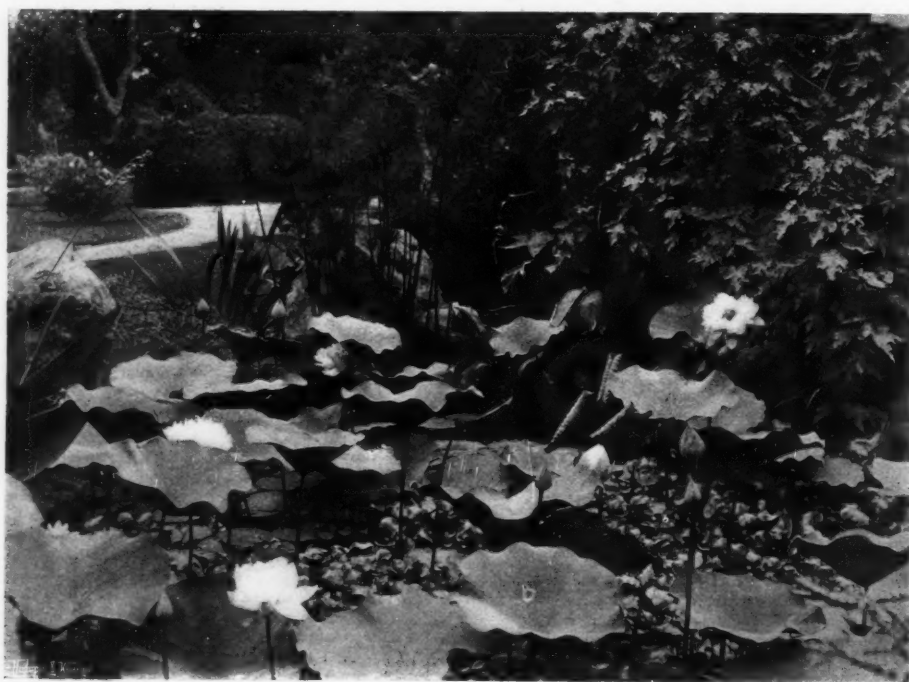
With the Barrage engineering works, as originally constructed, were connected a system of fortifications, never of any use, and now quite obsolete. They, however, add to the picturesque possibilities of the place. The pond under the old bridge has been utilised as a lily-pond and a home for aquatic plants such as papyrus, bullrushes, and other reeds. This pond and its surroundings bid fair to be the prettiest part of the gardens.

Bordering an open space of undulating lawn are the chrysanthemum beds, which make a fine show in their setting of bamboos, agaves, and acacia trees. About ten years ago the cultivated forms of chrysanthemums were only beginning to find out that Egypt suited them. Now they hold up their heads as proudly as any Briton born, without fear of being thought unwarrantably conceited.

The walk between the chrysanthemums leads to a small cemented tank where water-lilies, papyrus, ambatch, and various other water plants grow. This modest piece of water was made and planted before there was any idea of forming an ornamental piece of water under the old bridge.

Close by this small pond are growing poinciana regia, pampas grass, bamboos, datura, and agave rigida. The last was introduced into Egypt a few years ago by Mr. E. A. Floyer, and, as the plants are now growing freely, it may be considered to have established itself. The fibre of the plant grown in Egypt appears to be of good quality. The poinciana regia is an old Indian friend known by the name of the "gold mohur" tree, on account of its handsome flowers.

Alongside the gardens runs the main road connecting the two regulators, which together are known as "the Barrage."



A LILY POND.

The road is shaded by a magnificent avenue of *Acacia Nilotica* (Lebbek). At the top of the rise forming this entrance are groups of papyrus and agave and a central "rockery" of roots, in which agaves flourish, while a luxuriant white banksia rose scrambles over everything. In this corner, and generally about the gardens, the tree trunks are covered with creepers of all

sorts, poinsettia, cluster roses, honeysuckle, aristolochia, morning glory, etc.

Those who visit Egypt will find the Barrage and its gardens refreshing after a course of Upper Egypt tombs, with their odours of mummies and bats, and the glaring sand of the desert.

R. H. BROWN.

THE SLAKING OF THE SWORD.

A TALE OF OLD JAPAN. BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

Illustrated from pictures by old Japanese Masters from the collection of Mr. Arthur Morrison.

II.—THE COMING OF THE MASTER.

THE Emperor was coming to visit Prince Nobunaga. The sacred descendant of the Sun-goddess had not long ruled on the throne of his fathers; it happened that at that time there were two Shoguns,* so busy fighting one another for the honour of ruling their titular master that he had time to grow to manhood and slay them both before they had discovered that he was a man at all. His father had been their plaything; as long as he had money to spend and women to love and jewels to give the women, he had let the Shoguns—were they two or twenty—tear his empire to pieces, drown it in blood, or carve it into pretty slices and portion it out among their kinsmen, as seemed best in their eyes. One or two of the great Daimyos would have stood by him could they have found the makings of a man in him. Prince Nobunaga had tried to support his cause; but this creature of wax and straw, this insensate wearer of a sacred crown, had returned his subject's loyalty with mistrust, his services with injuries—the last of these so execrable that Prince Nobunaga was on his way to wipe it out in blood, when the wrath of Heaven fell on the monster, and the Prince turned back on his road in grim regret that he had come too late.

The Emperor had been found strangled in his bath with a fan-cord, one of those closely braided cords of white and scarlet that the Court ladies twist round their fans. Strange tales, indeed, were whispered as to the doer of the deed, but no one was brought to justice for it; the people were told that the gods, being envious of earth's bliss in possessing such a paragon of virtue, had called the Emperor Gensei to themselves, and that his son, Tara, would now reign in his stead. It was all one to the people. Whoever was Emperor in Nara their burdens would be the same. And great was the astonishment of the country-folk when, a few years later, the young Emperor broke out from his gorgeous prison, vanquished his enemies, rewarded his friends, and took the ruling of the nation into his

own hands. Marvellous tales of his prowess and wisdom went the rounds of the country districts; governors began to look to their places, taxes came flowing into the Treasury, tribute was levied on the savage inhabitants of the Eastern provinces; and when all this was done, the happy, magnificent young Emperor bethought himself of making friends of the powerful Daimyos, whom his stupid parent (doubtless now endowed with more wisdom, being classed as a god) had managed to estrange.

The Emperor Tara had no counsellor wise enough to advise him to restrain his zeal. One or two of his old servants would gladly have asked him to leave Prince Nobunaga out of the reconciliation list, but he was headstrong and successful, and royally self-confident, and he would not have listened to them for a moment. He had been but a little child when his Imperial father was found with the ugly fan-cord knotted round his neck; Gensei's widowed Empress had adopted the beautiful babe, and he grew up believing himself her son, for no one had thought it necessary to trouble the young Emperor with the story of a Palace scandal long dead and done with.

Prince Nobunaga heard of the Emperor's intention before it was officially announced to him. Old Kibiki gathered the rumour from a band of pilgrims who came travelling up the pass early in June; and that morning the old

man sat down by the wayside and pondered long and painfully on the course he should take. Someone must tell the Prince, and the Prince would be furiously angry—how angry, Kibiki knew, who had made the journey with him when they arrived too late. Kibiki thought, "I am old; I have served my master faithfully; the wrath of Daimyos is hard to face, and the wrath of Nobunaga has carried death to more than one. Nevertheless, if his hand kills before his spirit reflects, better that I should go, who am old, rather than one of the youths, whom my Princess may need to guard her in her old age."

So Kibiki, thinking of O'Yei as needing a servitor in her declining years—for he knew not of that which lay before her—went and told the Prince, and the



Hudson & Asama

Hokkie.

TRAVELLERS CROSSING A BRIDGE.

* Regents who kept the Emperors in complete subjection during a long period of Japanese history.

Prince's face grew black as the face of ocean under the coming storm; and first his hand flew to his sword, with which he had slain many enemies, and then it grasped the hilt of the short fine knife which the Samurai carries in case his honour bids him kill himself. But just then there came a sound of singing and koto-playing from the bower on the wall, and his anger died in double dread at the thought of making the Emperor, the enemy of O'Yei, or of leaving O'Yei alone at the mercy of the Emperor's friendship. So his hands fell at his sides, and with stony eyes he looked in Kibiki's face, and said, "Even this must we bear, my man, for the child's sake."

Then heralds had come, with presents and courtly messages, saying that on such a day the Tenshu Sama, the Imperial Brightness of Dazzling Heaven, would honour the faithful Daimyo of Yamato with a visit. And the day that was spoken of was the seventh day of the seventh month, the Feast of Faithful Lovers—and O'Yei's birthday.



Hiroshige.

EVENING ON THE RICE-FIELDS.

The girl nearly went mad with joy when Sakenouhe told her. It was as if the Sun had sent word that he would travel down from Heaven to abide in the Castle. All the eager longing to see and know the highest and the best, all the loyalty of her princely heart for this greatest of mortals, the glad curiosity of the child and the deep homage of the worshipper—all were to be satisfied at last! She did not hope to speak with this godlike being; he would not ask for her, she knew; of what value could her little existence be to him? And unless he commanded her presence she would be as jealously secluded from his sight as she was from that of all male creatures except her immediate kin, and one or two old retainers, like Kibiki, who had attended her since childhood; but she would see him—oh yes, she would see the Emperor! Sakenouhe had promised that she should rejoice in the vision through a latticed opening in the screens of the banquet hall; and she would hear his voice and watch his gestures and remember everything to her dying day. Life had spoken at last, and she would question it no more after this. Nor did she—for at this time the questions were all answered for O'Yei.

The night before he came, she took from its wrappings the Sword that Shimamura had made for her, and gazed once more on its beauty, and touched its golden guards caressingly, and polished it again with waste silk from the wild oak's weavers. As she rubbed the bright surface it gave back her own face in dreamy loveliness, and then suddenly a great tear fell and blurred the image. It was the first tear the sword had felt, and the steel seemed to shiver and grow colder under it. O'Yei wiped the crystal drop carefully away with the sleeve of her robe, wondered why she should find herself weeping, and laid the sword back in its wrappings.

"I will give it to the Emperor," she thought; "since I cannot use it for him, he shall have it for himself. See, pretty Sword, what honour thou shalt have! Thou shalt be in his hand as the sword of Hachiman, and these silly, useless fingers of mine shall work thee a new cover every July moon and send it to Nara, where thou shalt live henceforth, oh, proud, ungrateful one!"

So she laid it by, smiling a little sadly at her own nonsense, but timidly resolved that in some way the Emperor should accept the precious gift—and should know at least the name of the invisible giver.



Hokusai.

YOUNG NOBLE IN ARMOUR.

Great preparations had been made for the Imperial visit. All the men-at-arms had been polishing and preening themselves and their arms, until the girls laughed at them and called them peacocks, vainglorious apes, and other pretty names. The servants had not a moment's rest from preparing costly dishes, and they whispered to one another that the steward must stand confessed as a fox demon, since he was in every place at once. Great rolls of gold and silk brocades had been carried from the stone storehouses built—for greater safety—in a cave of the hill; and also bronzes and metals, lacquer and jade and amber, arms, and drinking cups of silver and gold, all the marvellous piled-up riches of Nobunaga's inheritance were brought forth to do honour to his unwelcome guest.

As the house became more magnificent the Prince became more and more gloomy, and on the night before the day when the Emperor was to arrive, he sent for Sakenouhe, and had a long conversation with her. It was often his custom to take counsel with this wise and gentle woman; he found that she always agreed with him, even in his surprising obstinacy about not yet finding a husband for his daughter. That O'Yei should have reached her present age without being bestowed in marriage surprised and even scandalised most of the Prince's friends; but, although he knew it not, Sakenouhe had been at the palace in Nara when Nobunaga made his fruitless ride. She dreaded the coming of Tara, and concurred heartily in the Prince's wish that O'Yei should not appear or even be spoken of during the time that the visit should last. So all the inhabitants of the pavilion on the wall were told to keep strictly to their own precincts, and Kibiki, with a chosen guard, was set to keep watch over their safety. Some of the Emperor's companions were gay young princes and nobles, who would be only too ready to make love to the white doves of the sunny cage, trusting to their great master's protection for immunity if they were convicted of gaining entrance there.

The girls had been widely excited over the honour that was to be done to Nobunaga. They besieged Sakenouhe with requests for new robes and more gorgeous sashes; and when she replied gravely that they were already clothed with becoming richness for their service of attendance on their mistress, they pleaded that surely, when all the Castle was being made so beautiful, they, unworthy and ugly though they declared themselves, ought to match all the rest of the furniture, whether they were to be seen or not. Good Sakenouhe yielded, and they rewarded her by plotting among themselves, behind their painted fans, to elude her vigilance and see the Emperor and all the pomp that surrounded him, with their own eyes, whether any cross old woman wanted them to or not. That they would! But they were very careful to keep their naughty schemes from O'Yei. She was their pattern and model, of course, proud as she was modest, and piously obedient in all things that regarded the deportment of noble ladies. But, as they whispered to each other, every rank has its own obligations; they were not beautiful, rich princesses like her, and, if they were but simple Samurai's daughters, at least they would have a little fun to make up for their deprivations.

At last the great day dawned, the day when O'Yei rose softly and came out on the balcony to breathe the sweet fresh air. She had hardly slept at all during the night; a fevered restlessness was upon her, and her pulses were throbbing as if

some great and terrible enterprise lay before her. In the short moments of unconsciousness she had had strange dreams such as had never visited her before, dreams of crowding faces and then of terrible solitudes; she had dreamed of crossing a broad river, and that she carried three coins in her left hand; and as she feared to sink in mid-stream the three coins became three stars and lifted her above the flood and carried her safely to the other side. And everywhere in her dreams the Sword was with her, and sometimes it was a lovely child who begged her to clasp it in her arms, and sometimes a still more beautiful youth who spoke to her in strange passionate words of some divine thing that was consuming him for her sake. But it was always the Sword that spoke, she knew, because below all the other pleadings was the burden "I thirst, O'Yei, I thirst!" And when she came to the river bank it was neither child nor man,

but the Sword again, fair and deadly, in her right hand, and she tried to clasp it. But the stream was too strong and carried it from her, and she saw it leap in white flashes down the torrent, and the stars carried her to the farther bank, where she lay in peace till the singing of the nightingale in the woods below the Castle woke her and she rose to greet the day.

She watched the red burn itself out of the morning sky; she saw the low rosy fires blaze up in towering streamers of orange and gold before the rising sun; and with the first tawny shaft that he flung down the valley she was aware of a lordly train riding up the long winding road to her mountain home. In scarlet and gold, with crest superb and gleaming armour, her Emperor rode towards her, on his great black horse, at the head of his nobles; and behind him the long procession of Daimyos and vassals, hardly less splendid than he, moved up the valley with such a neighing of steeds and jingling of arms that it seemed as if all Nara's troops had left it soldierless to follow the Sun Goddess's child to the castle of Nobunaga in Yamato.

O'Yei had never seen such a sight. A kind of

triumphant rapture came over her in knowing that the earth contained so much splendour and strength. With hands outstretched and joyous eyes she stood there gazing at the moving wonder below. She never stirred, and they came up and up, nearer and nearer, till she could see the Emperor's face, and her heart leapt within her.

The sunshine was full upon him, and he shone back at it like a second sun. His face was young and smooth, for this conqueror was but a boy in years. His proud dark eyes rested on the world with the calm look of the Master, but his fine hands and supple limbs seemed to move rhythmically to some inner song about the joy of living; his helmet, crowned with golden eagle's wings, seemed a fitting crown for his handsome head, and the shining black steed that bore him danced gaily, in the pride of its good blood, glad to carry such a splendid burden. Gorgeously dressed grooms ran at his stirrup; and now he came near enough for O'Yei to catch the musical jingle of the horse's neck armour, whose plates rang together when he tossed his head. Behind the Emperor the valley was full of shining throngs, and among them were a hundred grooms carrying rich presents for her father. But what did O'Yei note of the followers? She saw one face, one godlike form—the face and form of Tara, her rightful sovereign. And now that he looked up, straight at her, O'Yei saw that his face was the face of the child and the face of the youth in her dream.



Haramoku.

LADY IN COURT DRESS.

She hovered there for a moment, and he saw her, far above his head, shrouded like a Bhodi Sattva (Buddhist saint) in her skyey frame of delicate carving and flowering vine; in warm white shade she stood, with her young arms held out towards him, and the wind making moving clouds of her dark hair around her even to her feet—shadowy, innocent, divine, dawn dreaming of the day.

The wind blew a jessamine bud against her cheek, and she remembered who she was, and where. Flushing softly to her very brow, she turned and fled to the innermost corner of her bower, and sank on her couch and shook from head to foot with terrible joy and fear, because she had seen the face of Tara the Emperor.

She heard the stir all through the great house, heard her father's horsemen go galloping down the hill, with Nobunaga at their head, to meet the monarch. In the rooms around her the girls were hurrying to the windows to get a glimpse of the grand sight down there below the gates, and Sakenouhe was scolding gently at their forwardness and curiosity; but between the world and O'Yei a great curtain had fallen, whether of light or darkness she could not tell—she only knew as she lay on her face in the silent room that she was set apart from it for ever.

Sakenouhe herself looked down with a sinking heart upon the meeting of the royal guest and his princely host. As she stood behind a golden lattice that screened her from sight, she asked herself what manner of man this Tara had grown to be. She remembered, with pity that hurt her still, the terrible hour when he had seen the light, far from the castle in the hills, over there in the splendid, silent, wicked palace in Nara. The lights had burned low in the golden chamber where the Emperor's stolen love lay dying, with her face turned to her lost home, and her anguished hands fighting weakly to keep away the sight of the cruel half-witted ravisher, who fawned upon her in her death agony, and killed, even there beside her death-bed, the silly slave who told him she was dying. And now this child, that she had borne with a breaking heart and yet forgiven, because he was her child—why had he come to tempt the vengeance that had slept so long? Would Nobunaga guess the name of his mother? It was known to none besides Sakenouhe since Gensei died. Tara, adopted by the Empress, had been brought up with the Emperor's other children among slaves and concubines, and only set over the rest by his father's passionate affection, which finally designated him for the Throne.† Would Nobunaga catch some

† This was one of the parents' rights until quite recently. Even an adopted son could be chosen as successor, to the exclusion of a man's own children.

trick of eye or voice—some reflection of the beautiful woman who had been torn from him—to reveal that this boy was her son? Tara himself had never known her name. The crime of her abduction had been carried out with such skill and daring that the Prince had thought his wife drowned in the lake, far up in the hills, where she would sometimes spend days together, with one or two of her ladies, in the August month that scorched the lowlands brown. So complete was the swoop of the kite on his prey that three days after Gensei had caught a glimpse of her beauty—even as now Tara had looked on O'Yei—a terrified peasant came rushing to the castle, to tell the Prince that the Dragon of the Lake must have risen from his lair to devour the Princess and all her attendants, for their painted pleasure boat was cast up a shattered wreck upon the strand, and not one of the little company had returned alive.

So Nobunaga mourned his wife as dead; mourned bitterly, indeed, but calmly, as one who could carry his burden and respected the decrees of the gods. It was not for some years that a whisper reached him (how, Sakenouhe never knew) that the woman he loved had died the broken-hearted prisoner of a crowned thief, there in Nara, behind a thousand bastions and a thousand doors. Then had Nobunaga risen like a giant in his wrath, and had gone down to slay or be slain. But even as he reached Nara the funeral pyre of Gensei was lighted, and his revenge was stolen from him.

As Sakenouhe remembered all these things, her heart was turned to lead in her breast, and she wrung her hands behind the lattice, and prayed Heaven to avert bloodshed. Then she saw, from her hiding-place, that Nobunaga had dismounted before the Emperor and was going through the ceremonies of greeting; that the Emperor, anxious to propitiate the great Daimyo whom his father had offended (though Tara knew not in what the offence lay), spoke to him graciously and bade him mount again and ride at his side. The gentle watcher rejoiced that the first impact of these tremendous forces had passed over without a shock, and as the riders reached the level space before the Castle gates she strained her eyes to see the Emperor's face. She turned away at last with a little sigh of relief; but perhaps Sakenouhe's sight was not so keen as it had been.

And she prostrated herself before the sacred tablets, and prayed all her gods to let her see Tara ride down the green hill in peace, even as he had come.

(To be continued.)

THE BRITISH BULLDOG.

IN spite of the disposition that has from time to time been displayed in some quarters to deprive the bulldog of his British ancestry, the fact remains, and always will remain, that at home and abroad he is the national dog of England, and in the face of the temptation to become a Spaniard, he prefers to be English and nothing else. No doubt there is a Spanish breed which in some respects resembles the British type, just as the dogue de Bordeaux resembles, to some extent, the mastiff; and no one desires to deny the possibility of some specimens of the former having been imported into England many years ago, just as that gigantic mongrel, Toro, appeared in the early seventies. Still it is certain, beyond all reasonable powers of refutation, that the British bulldog is descended from the mastive or bandogge of centuries ago, and though the origin of that variety is lost in oblivion, the remoteness of the period in which it existed is sufficient to warrant the purity of the bulldog's pedigree.

It is unnecessary, however, to do more in this article than allude to the fact referred to in the opening sentence, as the space available precludes the possibility of discussing the question in its entirety; and

therefore it is sufficient to observe that the bulldog has been recognised by many successive generations of Englishmen as

the incarnation of canine pluck and resolution, and that there is not a country in the whole civilised world that does not envy Great Britain the possession of such a dog. Unfortunately for the bulldog, however, his very virtues have proved the means of gaining him a bad name amongst a certain part of the community, though it was not the bulldog's fault, but rather his misfortune, that until the time when bull-baiting was prohibited by law, and in due course died out, he was associated with a class of human beings who were regarded by the majority of their countrymen as undesirable. At the same time it is distinctly hard upon the bulldog that he should still be regarded with feelings approaching abhorrence by many people who do not know him, and who, with a perversity which is simply monumental, decline to dissociate a superabundance of courage from a savage disposition, and teracity of purpose from an ungovernable propensity to attack both man and beast. As a matter of fact, though there are exceptions to



MRS. MARLEY'S CHAMPION FELTON DUCHESS.



T. Fall. CHAMPION PRESS GANG. Copyright

the general rule, for there is no breed of dog in existence which does not possess its share of bad-tempered specimens, the bulldog is an exceptionally patient beast, and extremely slow to anger, excepting when excited, and not always then unless his earlier education has been neglected. Therefore he is as little dangerous to his friends and children as any variety of dog, though when wound up the courage and determination he displays in attack combine to make him a formidable antagonist and difficult to check.

Of late years, however, the lines of the bulldog have fallen in pleasanter places, almost too pleasant in some instances, as there is a disposition displayed by some of his admirers to treat him as a lap dog, with the result that the constitution of the breed has weakened, and that there is now more difficulty in rearing puppies than was the case a generation or so ago, when such absurdities as stoves in kennels and other concessions to luxury were things unknown. Besides undermining the constitution of the breed by molly-coddling their dogs, some modern supporters of the bulldog—though happily there have been, and are, several notable exceptions—have laid themselves open to the charge of reducing the old type to a namby-pamby simulacrum of itself, by deliberately neglecting points which are leading characteristics of the breed, though at the same time difficult to produce. The period of the breed's misfortunes in this respect begun some dozen years ago and continued for a while, during which lapse of time more harm was done to the bulldog than years of patient breeding can negative; but there is satisfaction in the reflection that of late the influence of good sense has prevailed, and there is a marked disposition on the part of bulldog breeders and judges to return to the correct type, and redeem the errors committed by their predecessors in the immediate past.

A detailed description of the various points of the bulldog is unnecessary here, especially as the excellent standard of the Bulldog Club (Incorporated) can be obtained of Mr. E. A. Vicary, the hon. secretary, whose address is 14, Parkholme Road, Dalston, N.E.; but an allusion must be made to the more important characteristics of the old breed. To render these more intelligible to readers, some life-like illustrations of several of the principal winners of the day accompany this article together with a likeness of an awful warning in the shape of the reproduction of a photograph of an animal taken at the Dogs' Home, which specimen possesses almost every fault a bulldog can possess.

Beginning with the skull, which, to put it briefly, should be long, square, and massive, the likenesses of Boaz and Felton Duchess may be referred to as showing the desired length between eye and ear, whilst for squareness Primula, Boaz, and Press Gang are admirably suited for the purposes of conveying the desired shape. Before proceeding further, it is desirable to point out that the writer is only referring to the illustrations of the famous dogs whose owners have kindly provided us with likenesses. These photographs, let it be added, though resembling the animals in the positions in which they were actually standing at the time, must naturally, in some instances, display the dogs at a disadvantage, and consequently, though admirable for our

purpose, they must not be accepted as accurately representing the subjects at their best, for no photographer or owner can possibly prevent a dog from falling into an unflattering position or carrying its ears badly at the critical moment. In the matter of width and flatness of skull Prince Albert, Primula, and Felton Duchess show up prominently, the position of the eyes of Boaz and the width between them being perfectly represented. That great desideratum, shortness of face, is magnificently portrayed by Press Gang, whose nose lies back almost to his skull, whilst in depth of face he is quite exceptionally good, as are Primula and Felton Prince. The coveted turn-up of the lower jaw is possessed by all the animals, and appears particularly pronounced in Prince Albert, Press Gang, Primula, and Felton Prince, the first-named of whom shows a well-developed "stop," or indentation between the eyes, as does Felton Prince. The last-mentioned is most happily photographed so as to give an idea of the characteristic wrinkling on the head; whilst in "chop"—i.e., flews—Press Gang, Primula, Felton Prince, and Boaz show up well, though the last-named does not quite conceal his teeth. In finish of face Prince Albert excels, the position in which he is taken serving to give an excellent idea of the rise of skull over the eyes, in which point Felton Duchess is made to appear deficient, whilst the bumps at the sides of the head are well developed in the illustrations of Press Gang, Primula, Prince Albert, and Felton Prince. Prince Albert shows the "rose" carriage of ear capitally, whilst his breadth of chest and turn-out at shoulder are perfect, for he is the smallest dog of the lot; but the positions of Press Gang and Boaz also permit of their displaying their excellence in this respect. Neither Felton Prince nor Felton Duchess has been caught in a happy position for displaying the turn-out at shoulder, as the former in particular is depicted standing "on his legs," as the saying is. Prince Albert, Press Gang, and Felton Duchess are all very heavy in bone, and possess that desired amount

of muscle on the outside of the front legs which gives an erroneous appearance of bentness to the limbs. All the above trio are well "let down"—i.e., their chests are near to the ground—whilst Boaz, Prince Albert, and Press Gang give a fair idea of the desired "roach back," or gentle rise from behind the shoulders to the top of the loin and fall thence to the tail. These three dogs are so posed as to show off the well-sprung ribs, light tucked-up loin, and gradually tapering body sought for in the bulldog and known as "pear-shaped"; whilst Press Gang's hocks turn in as they should do, and those of Felton Prince and Prince Albert are nice and near to the ground, the hocks of Boaz appearing too far therefrom. Felton Prince's likeness was taken in rather an unfortunate position, as it makes him appear too long in the back and not

well let down, but it is unfair to lay these faults at his door. The above are amongst a few of the characteristic points of half-a-dozen of the very best bulldogs of the day, every one of whom has won a championship, in some instances many times over, Press Gang and Primula being the winners of the Bulldog Club's fifty-guinea challenge cups as the best of their respective sexes at the last show of the society, whilst Prince



CHAMPION PRIMULA.



T. Fall. CHAMPION BOAZ. Copyright



T. Fall.

PRINCE ALBERT.

Copyright

Albert and Boaz in particular have frequently distinguished themselves in the very highest company, the former having recently defeated Press Gang at the show of the London Bulldog Society when they competed for the champion prize. Felton Prince and Felton Duchess belong to a younger generation, with heaps of further honours still before them.

The last illustration, taken at the Dogs' Home, must be regarded as portraying a bulldog as he ought not to be. The animal is heavy in ear, wedgy-headed—i.e., he tapers from the back of his head to the nose—he falls away under the eyes, has no "lay-back" of face or chop, the latter being so deficient that he shows his teeth. In addition to these bad points, his chest is narrow, he is leggy and quite flat in the back, whilst any approach to a tucked-up loin is entirely lacking. In fact, he may be accepted as a thoroughly bad specimen of the national dog of England, and consequently he serves as an admirable foil for the magnificent specimens of the good old breed with the likenesses of which his own is temporarily associated for the purposes of comparison.

IN THE GARDEN.

SELECTIONS OF FRUIT.

AS this is the planting season, we thought a selection of a few of the finest fruits for gardens would be helpful. A selection of Roses was recently given, and we shall also deal with climbers and trees and shrubs.

Dessert Apples.—Irish Peach, ripe August; Devonshire Quarrenden, August, a well-known Apple with dark red skin; Worcester Pearmain, September, a beautiful Apple in appearance, but not of first-class quality, though when eaten in condition sweet and juicy; Ribston Pippin, winter, a fine Apple for somewhat dry soil, too well known to need description. King of the Pippins: We consider this one of the finest Apples ever raised; its season is through the winter, and the quality is delicious. Benheim Orange, or Pippin as it is also called: Get this on the Paradise stock, as then it bears earlier; a handsome Apple of good flavour, and may be used either for dessert or in the kitchen. Allington Pippin: One of the newer Apples, and excellent in all ways, free bearing, fruit handsome, large, and in season during winter. Cockle Pippin: A good late Apple of pleasant flavour.



CHAMPION FELTON PRINCE.

Cooking Apples.—We shall exclude such varieties as Ecklinville Seedling, and place faith in the early (August and September) bearing class, Frogmore Prolific and Lord Grosvenor, both with clear white flesh, very handsome, and excellent when cooked. Peasgood's Nonsuch is praised by many, but it does not give bountifully of its large, handsome, even fruit; it is well enough for the exhibitor, but not for those who want a full basket. Warner's King is well known as one of the best cooking Apples in existence. Cox's Pomona is very rich in colour, and excellent for cooking. Lane's Prince Albert is one of the best cooking Apples ever introduced. If there were forty varieties to choose from, and the choice was limited to one, the writer would select Prince Albert. It was, we believe, either raised or introduced by Lane of Berkhamsted, and bears heavily as a bush. Sandringham is one of the newer cooking Apples, prolific, handsome, and seems to succeed on various stocks. Wellington or Dumelow's Seedling is now surpassed by that first-rate Apple Newton Wonder, which is a late cooking kind of rare excellence. Another late Apple is Bramley's Seedling, which is in use during winter, and well known as one of the best of its group.

Dessert Pears.—As in the case of the Apple, so it is with regard to the Pear; it is difficult to make a small selection when their number is legion. There are four early Pears of delicious quality, and comprise the months of July to September, ripening in the order named. The two Pears for August and September are Citron des Carmes and Doyenné d'Été. They are not Pears for the market grower, but for the amateur, who can gather them from the tree and eat them just at the right moment. Another excellent summer fruit not quite so well known as these is Beurré Giffard, which is in season during August, and then in this month and September, when cooling fruit is a delight, we have Jargonelle, the Pear of the farmhouse gable and cottage wall, which is beautiful in flower and in leaf; the fruit is large and very rich in flavour, but, like the other early Pears, it will not keep. It must, as the farmer says, be "eaten off the tree." Those September and October Pears, Fondante d'Automne, queen of fruits, Marie Louise, and the always popular Louise Bonne of Jersey, are indispensable, as the catalogue says. If only one be required, then choose Louise Bonne of Jersey, which never fails to bear, even in a bad year for Pears, and is of very rich flavour. No Pear is more easily recognised than this, with its warm brownish spotted skin and pretty shape. Doyenné du Comice is



T. Fall.

A USEFUL WARNING.

Copyright

another famous Pear in the opinion of many, as rich and luscious as any in cultivation; the fruit is very large under good cultivation, pale yellow, and in season at this time. After this comes Glou Morceau, then the delicious Winter Nelis, which is unexcelled as a winter Pear. The fruit is small, but of exquisite flavour, a big brown sweetmeat one cannot have too much of in December, a Christmas dish of rare goodness to the lover of fruit. Many may consider Thompson's the best Pear for flavour, but that, of course, is a matter of opinion. No one can, however, say that it is not as refreshing to the taste as any Pear in cultivation. Ne Plus Meuris, Olivier des Serres, and Easter Beurré are also well-known late Pears. We were interested in reading recently in our contemporary the *Garden* a note about a Pear we have heard little of. The note was sent by the Rev. W. Wilks, Vicar of Shirley, near Croydon. We give the full address, because it is so important to know the locality in which a well-praised fruit is growing. Mr. Wilks writes (October 25th): "It is seldom that one would venture to recommend confidently a Pear on the experience of a single crop, but as this present season is notably one in which flavour in Pears is deficient, I make bold to advise all Pear fanciers to plant at least one tree of Directeur Hardy. We are eating it now, and it is superb in flavour, of good size, neither too big nor too small. Its flavour is suggestive of both Chaumontel and Louise Bonne. Coming a week or two before Comice is ready, it is most acceptable, and although we already have so many October Pears, I know of none to equal Directeur Hardy as it now is with us. Ours were grown on a wall, but I am confident from its growth that it will also do well as a bush, in the South of England at least."

Stewed Pears.—Stewed Pears are delicious when the proper kinds are chosen. The following are excellent: Catillac and Uvedale's St. Germain.

These notes will be continued in a future issue.

A GOOD CUCUMBER.

Messrs. Kelway and Son of Langport, Somerset, send a fruit of their excellent new cucumber; its length is 32½ in., and width 2½ in., a smooth, straight, and handsome fruit.

ROSE NOTES.

Mme. Abel Chatenay.—The growing popularity of this Rose is seen on the arrival of many of our City trains. We have noticed its handsome flowers worn in the coat, and there can be no mistaking its wondrous colouring. As

with many of our decorative Roses, the greater the skill used in its culture the more are its peculiar charms developed. Mme. Abel Chatenay being so vigorous a grower, one need not hesitate to plant it freely in large beds, but it is a Rose that may be used for many purposes—standard, fence, pillar, or partially pegged in a bed.

Princesse de Sagan as a Trellis Rose.—We were somewhat surprised recently to find this Rose growing in a large garden against a 5ft. trellis. The rich scarlet colouring of the flowers is seen to great advantage when the Rose is grown in this way, and, as our collection of brilliant Roses is none too numerous, *Princesse de Sagan* is all the more valuable.

The Japanese Rose as a Seaside Plant.—In a small garden fronting the Alexandra Hotel, Eastbourne, and almost splashed by the sea spray, we noticed quite recently a fine bush of that useful hybrid *Rugosa* Mme. G. Bruant, and a little further in the town huge bushes of the old *Rugosa* and the single white form were bright with their autumnal fruit and here and there a flower. Surely the hybrids of this good tribe would do equally as well here as the above. We can imagine fine shrub-like bushes of the splendid new varieties *Conrad F. Meyer* and *Mercedes*, with their exquisite soft pink almost Tea-like flowers, though may be we should miss the fruit of the single kinds. Roses appear to thrive extremely well at this popular resort, Tea-scented and hybrid Teas especially. In the charming gardens of Ratton Park splendid beds of *Marie Van Houtte*, *William Allen Richardson*, *Viscountess Folkestone*, *Laurette Messimy*, *Perle d'Or*, etc., were on Michaelmas Day a beautiful picture.

TREES AND SHRUBS WITH SHOWY FRUITS.

When summer wanes trees and shrubs assume fresh beauty, the beauty of bright-coloured foliage and of the ripe fruits. Among trees and shrubs with showy fruits the Roses are strongly represented. The

Thorns are conspicuous in autumn, not the least ornamental being our own native Hawthorn (*Crataegus Oxyacantha*), with its crimson berries, but others are even brighter. The first place must be given to the Fire Thorn (*Crataegus Pyracantha*), and its variety *Laelandii*, which are now in many places quite a mass of scarlet berries. This Thorn is so generally planted against a wall that its value as a shrub in the open ground is not recognised. Another beautiful Thorn is the Tansy-leaved Thorn (*C. tanacetifolia*), with large yellow fruits, whilst it also flowers late and has distinct hoary leaves. *Crataegus coccinea*, with scarlet fruits, is also noticeable; whilst a Thorn that has become very popular during the last ten years, viz., *C. Carrière*, bears a profusion of large, bright red berries.

Cotoneasters are largely represented, and in size and other particulars vary greatly. The tree-like *Cotoneaster frigida*, with its large clusters of brilliant red berries, is the best of the larger kinds, but there are other smaller kinds quite as interesting. *C. Simoni*, an upright-growing shrub, is rather later than the preceding in ripening its berries, but when at their best they are bright orange-scarlet. This is more or less an evergreen. A deciduous species, *C. horizontalis*, of comparatively recent introduction, has bright vermilion-tinted berries, and the equally brilliant tints assumed by the decaying leaves. *C. rotundifolia*, which forms a spreading bush about 4ft. high, is now laden with reddish scarlet berries, which are very persistent. In addition to these, the well-known *C. microphylla*, with crimson fruits, must not be passed over. The most brilliant of all the

Pyruses is the Mountain Ash, or Rowan (*Pyrus Aucuparia*), passed over because it is so common. Besides the ordinary form, with its deep orange berries, there is a variety, *fructo luteo*, in which they are yellow. The small-growing *Pyrus Maulei*, a shrub about 3 ft. high, bears a profusion of Apple-like fruits, yellow flushed with red. Of the Apple section of *Pyrus* many of the Crabs are delightful, notably the Dartmouth, John Downie, Transparent, and Transcendent. The hips of nearly all the

Roses are ornamental, but second to none in this respect is *Rosa rugosa*; as this will flourish almost anywhere, it has become a general favourite. Of the others it is difficult to make a selection, all the Briars being very beautiful, but for variety may be mentioned *R. cinnamomea*, bright crimson; *R. spinosissima*, blackish purple; and *R. villosa*, with scarlet fruits and long prominent bracts.

The common *Spindle Tree* (*Euonymus europæus*) and its larger relative (*E. latifolius*) are now bright with fruit. Of *E. europæus* the pendulous four-angled capsules are of a pale scarlet, and after a time they partially open, thus displaying the orange-tinted seeds within. There is a variety, *fructo luteo*, in which the capsules are whitish, but it is decidedly less showy than the typical form. Viewed solely from a fruiting standpoint, the showiest *Euonymus* is the broad-leaved *Spindle Tree* (*E. latifolius*), which is altogether of larger growth than the common one, and differs from it in being of quite tree-like habit, while the leaves are larger and broader and the whole plant more vigorous. The capsules are bright red, and the seeds orange-coloured. The broad-leaved *Spindle Tree* should be more grown. Nearly related to the *Euonymuses* is the *Celastrus*, of which two species—*C. articulatus* and *C. scandens*, from Japan and North America respectively—bear fruits much like those of *Euonymus europæus*, but of a yellow tint, while the exposed seeds are red. Both of these species of *Celastrus* are seen to the best advantage when rambling over a rough bank, fence, or similar position, a remark that also applies to the Box Thorns (*Lycium*), of which the common *Lycium europæum* is as good as any. Many of the

Berberis are very attractive when in fruit, the evergreen kinds, *Berberis Darwini*, *B. japonica*, and *B. Aquifolium* all having berries of a deep blackish purple with a bloom like a well finished Grape, while those of the deciduous species are, as a rule, brighter. The common *Berberis vulgaris* has richly coloured berries in profusion. Besides the ordinary form with scarlet berries, there is a variety, *fructo albo*, in which they are white. The Chinese *Berberis Thunbergii*, a low growing shrub, is very attractive when laden with its little oblong-shaped bright red sealing-wax-coloured berries. It does not, however, as a rule fruit as freely as the others, but the leaves before they drop are tinted with scarlet.

The Sea Buckthorn (*Hippophaë rhamnoides*) bears its bright orange-coloured berries in great profusion. In this the male and female flowers are on separate

plants, hence, in order to ensure fruit, it will be necessary to plant one male to about half-a-dozen females. In the catalogue of one of our prominent tree and shrub nurserymen the female plants are priced at a shilling each and the male at eightpence. Near to water this *Hippophaë* is seen to great advantage, and the fact that in colour its fruits stand out almost alone imparts to it additional value.

This last remark also applies equally to the Snowberry (*Symphoricarpos racemosus*), which, though common, is the finest white-berried shrub. The cut-leaved Bramble, too, when laden with berries, is very ornamental, while the common Elder must not be passed over. Its scarlet-berried relative (*Sambucus racemosa*) is, however, the showier of the two, but it needs a cool fairly moist soil.

The majority of the foregoing are deciduous, or even when evergreens are mentioned, it is in conjunction with the deciduous members of the same family.

EVERGREEN SHRUBS WITH BRIGHT BERRIES.

Those now to be described are strictly evergreen, and first place must be given to our own native

Holly, which is somewhat peculiar in its sexual arrangements, for in some the flowers are entirely male; in others, female; while, again, some bear hermaphrodite flowers, and a few produce different kinds of blossoms. This peculiarity accounts for the fact that Hollies are sometimes met with on which



Richard N. Speaight.

178, ADELPHI S. E.C.

THE CHILDREN OF THE MARCHIONESS OF HAMILTON.

berries may be sought for in vain. The yellow-berried Holly, *Ilex Aquifolium fructo luteo*, is worthy of especial mention.

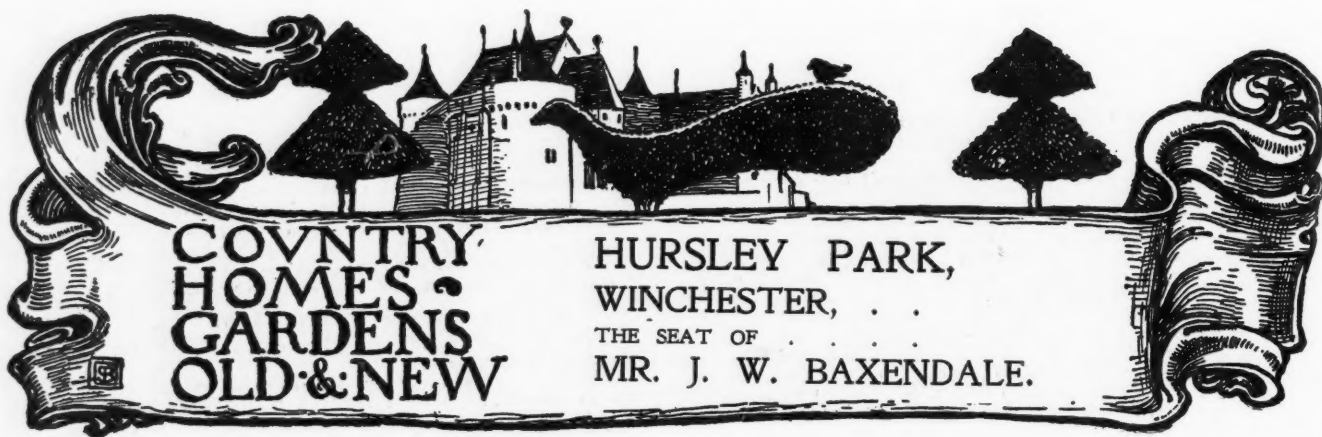
Aucubas, too, are valuable for their berries, and the male and female flowers are invariably borne on separate plants, so that to obtain berries it is necessary that the two sexes be brought together. With one exception, all the *Aucubas* bear red fruits, but in the variety *fructo albo* they are white. When grown in the shape of neat bushes and freely berried, the *Aucubas* are valuable for many purposes. Much the same may be said of the

Skimmias, a smaller-growing class of evergreens, but most prolific in berries. The best are *S. Foremanni*, *S. Fortunei*, and *S. japonica*. Few berry-bearing shrubs have so many admirers within the last twenty years as the

Pernettyas, which originally consisted of but one species, *P. mucronata*, with crimson fruits, but now in the different varieties they vary from white to blackish purple through numerous intermediate shades.

Arbutus Unedo (Strawberry Tree) is attractive with its Strawberry-like fruits, but it is only in favoured districts that they appear. With the

Butcher's Broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*) and its large red berries we will conclude these notes on evergreens, though even now it might be still further extended, as the seed vessels of many deciduous subjects, such as *Ailantus glandulosa*, *Colutea arborescens*, *Acer* of sorts, and *Ptelea trifoliata* are brightly coloured.



HURSLEY—formerly spelt Hurstleghe (from *Hurst*, a wood, and *leghe*, a meadow)—lies in a high valley which slopes westerly from the treeless, wind-swept downs of Winchester towards the wooded, pastoral country bordering Romsey and the New Forest. Within the deer park, a park of great antiquity, is situated, on the remains of an ancient camp, the ruined Merdon Castle, built by Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, for the purpose of supporting the interest of his brother, King Stephen, against the Empress Matilda, but of this castle nothing now remains save a portion of the gateway in the inner wall and two large circumvallations (which the late Sir John Cowell pronounced to be admirably adapted for modern as much as ancient purposes of defence). From the See of Winchester the Manor of Merdon was alienated by Edward VI., and given by him to Sir Philip Hobby, who built the old mansion known as Hursley Lodge. In 1636 Mr. Richard Maijor bought the manor of Sir Gerard Napier. This Richard Maijor was Privy Councillor to Oliver Cromwell, and is described by a contemporary, Richard Morley, as "witty and thrifty, and an oppressor of his tenants." Morley's note may be recorded: "When King Charles was put to death, and Oliver Cromwell protector of England, and Richard Maijor of his privy council, and Noll his eldest son Richard married to Mr. Maijor's daughter Doll, then Mr. Maijor did usurp authority over his tenants at Hursley." In 1660 Mr. Maijor died, and the estates passed into the hands of the Cromwells. It was said that Maijor took poison, fearing the scaffold, but Morley

evidently thought otherwise, for we find in his memoranda this entry: "Richard Maijor died but a young man to speak of, about 50. He had two diseases which the doctors could not cure. He might have cured one of the diseases himself; but he never went about to do it; the other was the gout. N.B.—Was fain to leave the world before he was willing, as I think."

At Hursley Richard Cromwell spent the years between his marriage to Doll Maijor, in 1649, and his elevation to the Protectorate in 1658. We get a romantic little bit of history from the parish register, illustrating the rise and fall of the family. These entries are made at the beginning of the book, apart from the general register:

"Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, the daughter of the Right Worshipful Richard Cromwell, by Mrs. Dorothy Cromwell, his wife, was borne the 26th day of March, 1650

"Mrs. Marie Cromwell, the daughter of the Right Honourable the Lord Richard Cromwell, by the Ladie Dorothy Cromwell, his wife, was borne the 18th day of February, 1653.

"The Ladie Anne Cromwell, the daughter of his Highness Richard Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the Ladie Dorothy Cromwell, his wife, was borne the 27th day of March, 1659."

And this last entry *after* the Restoration:

"Mrs. Dorothy Cromwell was borne the 1st day of August, anno domini 1660."

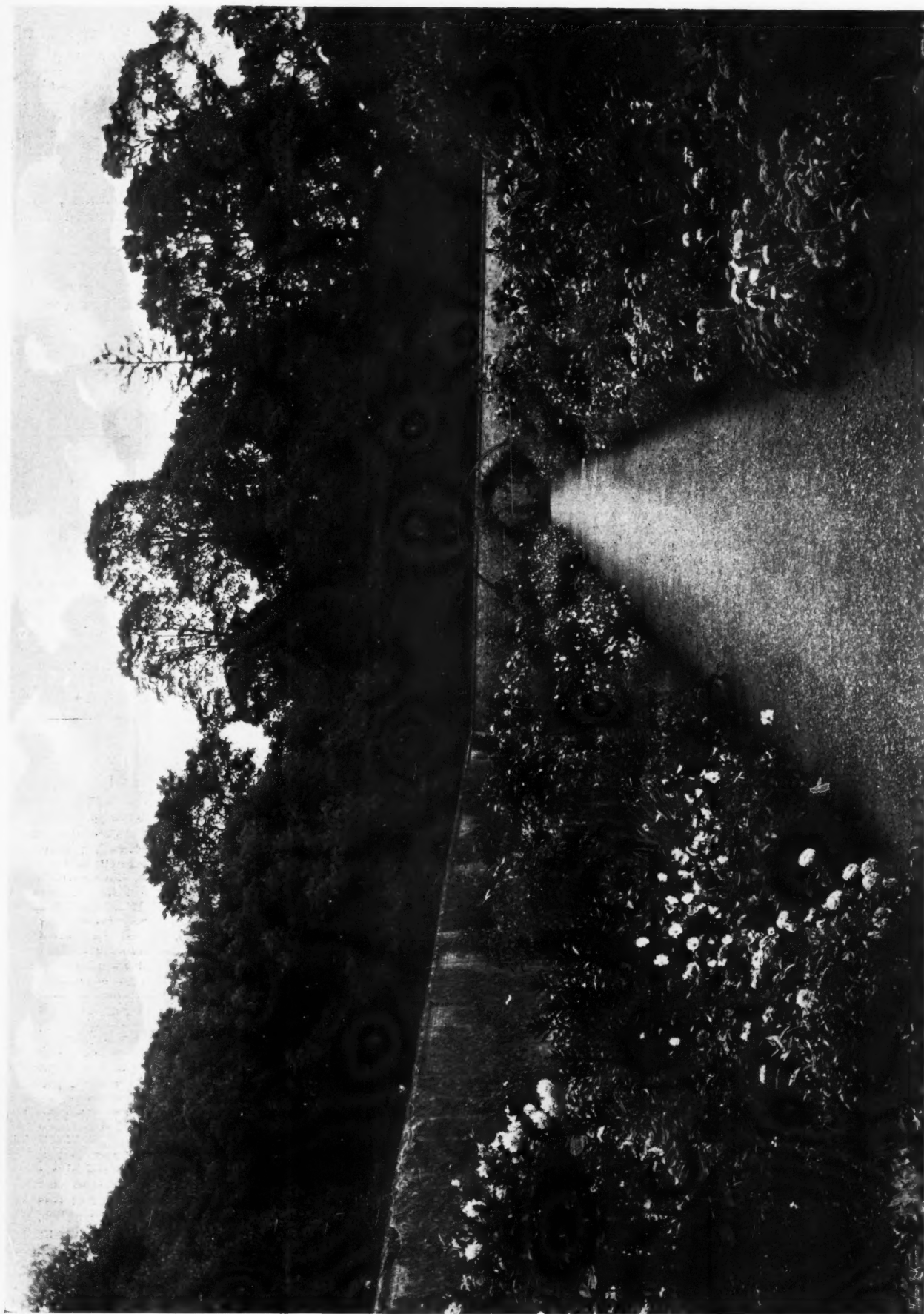
We cannot learn whether or not the great Oliver visited Hursley, but it is reasonably certain that he was interested in



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"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE FLOWER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE GARDEN WALK AND ARCH.

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THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the place and (according to Noble) saw to the appointing of certain preachers, who were paid by Richard Maijor. In Maijor's note-book, which lies before me, I find, in most crabbed character, the following amongst many similar entries: "Pd Mr. Close for his travell from Guildford and pains in preching, one pound." There is also an interesting tradition (utterly unsupported) that one Edward Reynier, a Hursley man, who was left a bequest by Oliver Cromwell (the grandson of the Protector) had executed Charles. Brandon, the public executioner, is generally supposed to have been the man.

After the Restoration, Richard Cromwell was constrained to leave England for the Continent, where he lived, in poverty, it is said, for nearly twenty years. Meantime his son Oliver, who greatly resembled his grandfather in character, claimed the manor of Merton upon the death of his mother, and obtained it. Tradition adds that the man who had been the greatest personage in the realm often visited his old home under the assumed name of Clark. However, upon his son's death in 1705, Richard claimed Hursley as his son's heir, a claim disputed by the daughters, but ultimately decided in Richard's favour by a court of law. We are told that in the course of the trial Richard, now eighty years of age, appeared in person, and that on his entering the court, the judge, struck by his venerable appearance, and with the recollection of his former greatness, received him with the utmost respect, ordered a seat for him, and insisted that he should sit *covered*, and for so doing was afterwards much commended by Queen Anne. Richard died six years later, and was buried in the chancel of Hursley Church. The fine lime trees which overshadow the churchyard to-day are said (upon whose authority I cannot discover) to have been planted by him.

The present house, as seen in the first illustration, was built by the first Sir William Heathcote in 1724, shortly after he bought the manor from Richard Cromwell's daughters and co-heiresses. Noble says that Sir William pulled down the old "Lodge" because of its occupancy by the regicide's family. There is not a scintilla of truth in this absurd statement. From letters now in the possession of the Heathcotes it is plain that Sir William wished to live in the Lodge, but found it practically uninhabitable. The new house cost some £14,000, an immense sum in those days, and has been described by Richard Henry Dana as "large, convenient, and stately." A massive red-brick Georgian mansion, with cut stone pilasters and pediments, it stands in its mellow age as an epitome and expression of all that is substantial and enduring in our national character.

Sir William Heathcote married the only daughter of the first Earl of Macclesfield, Lord Chancellor of England, and a portrait of this Lady Betty, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, faces the writer of these lines at this moment. She is painted playing a harpsichord, and the same harpsichord still stands in the long gallery at Hursley, and may be seen on the right of the illustration. This instrument was made in Italy, in 1721, and it is worth noting that the legs were added later. In Lady Betty's day harpsichords were lifted out of their cases and placed upon a convenient table, as may be seen in Sir Godfrey's picture. Looking at



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THE CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A GRASS WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the keys, it is interesting to observe that the notes are black and the accidentals white. Sir William brought from the Lodge the massive oak tables now in the servants' hall at Hursley, and these, without doubt, were used by the Cromwells. As further disproof of Noble's allegation, there hangs a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, by Walker, the well-known Parliamentary painter. This picture, duly entered in the first catalogue of Hursley pictures, must have been bought by Sir William with other furniture in the old mansion. Another relic of the

downs is the dwarf orchis; and in the woods again grow the rare *Cephalanthera grandiflora*, the *Epipactis media*, the greater toothwort, and many others of the more uncommon plants. From the upper end of the park, on a clear day, the silvery line of the Solent flashes on the view; while beyond, a faint velvety blur upon the horizon, may be seen the Isle of Wight.

On the south side of the house there is an immense bowling green overshadowed by stately elms. No finer lawn can be found in or out of England, and its beauty is not marred by hideous white lines and croquet hoops. To right and left of this are the gardens—old-fashioned gardens with grass walks, arches, yew hedges (planted, it is said, by the Cromwells), and sundials upon which, you may be sure, Time has marked his serenest hours. The dial in the kitchen garden bears the arms of the Cromwells, although the pedestal is of a later date. When Doll Maijor walked down these green alleys with the great Protector's son, they were sown thick with sweet-smelling herbs—burnet, wild thyme, and water-mint—herbs which the lovers crushed under foot as they strolled up and down this delightful pleasaunce. In the large illustration of the kitchen garden you will note a resplendent herbaceous border, and beyond it an ancient wall encrusted with mosses and lichens. Climb that wall and you will see some wonderful apple trees, pruned to the shape of large cups. These flank another long green walk, always shady and secluded, and crossing this walk at right angles you will find yourself in the avenue of walnut

trees, in summer a tunnel of translucent green, at the end of which the spire of Hursley Church soars into the soft Hampshire skies. The church, as it now stands, was practically rebuilt by Keble and the late Sir William Heathcote; and after the poet's death in 1866 his friends met in the great dining-room at Hursley Park, and it was resolved then and there that Keble College should be built and endowed as a monument and memorial of the author of "The Christian Year."

Another illustration gives a glimpse of the village street. Not the least of Hursley's charms is its homogeneity. The great Georgian house, the church, the vicarage, the village,



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COTTAGES IN THE VILLAGE STREET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Cromwells is a snuff-grater, carved by Richard Cromwell, with "R.C.," the arms of the Commonwealth, and a date—1660.

From the first baronet, Hursley passed in succession to the fifth, the late Sir William Heathcote, P.C., the pupil, life-long friend, and patron of John Keble. Hard by the church you will see in the illustration Keble's vicarage. His grave lies beneath the shadow of the tower, which may have been built by William of Wykeham. Of Keble the world knows much, of the late Sir William Heathcote the present generation knows little; but Hursley owes as much to its former squire as to its illustrious parson; the one had as nice a sense of the material needs of the parish as the other of its spiritual. "Sir William Heathcote," writes Lord Coleridge (the late Lord Chief Justice), "was preserved to our time to show us of a later age a perfect specimen of the old-fashioned, high-bred, highly-cultivated country gentleman, and a finer type of Englishman it is hardly possible to conceive." The writer was speaking only the other day with one of the big farmers of the estate. "I had occasion," said he, "to ask many things of Sir William during many years; some he gave to me; others he withheld; but he never refused a request without giving reasons which I was bound to admit were entirely adequate and satisfactory."

After Sir William's death, Hursley was sold by the trustees of the estate to Mr. Baxendale, the present owner, who embellished the inside of the house with great judgment and taste, made many and notable improvements upon his property, and in every sense has worthily sustained the traditions of Hursley. In 1892 Mr. Baxendale and Sir Charles Frederick undertook the joint Mastership of the Hursley hounds. Three years later Sir Charles resigned; Mr. Baxendale then became sole Master, and remained so until the present year.

The park, about 440 acres in extent, contains some magnificent timber; and the two large ponds at the lower end of it lie beneath the glorious woods of Ampfield, in whose secluded glades may be found the rare fritillaries, hairstreaks, and that imperial insect, the Purple Emperor. To botanists, no less than entomologists, these lovely woods are dear. You may gather here the scarce bastard balm, *Melittis melissophyllum*; also the Calathian violet, *Gentiana pneumonanthe*; and on the



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AVENUE OF WALNUTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and the meadows and woods which encompass them are harmonious parts of a whole, wherein nothing discordant offends either ear, or nose, or eye. The railway station is happily conspicuous by its absence; no flaming advertisements deface the tranquil landscape; no brawlers disturb the peace; no ill-kept gardens, no malodorous pig-sties, proclaim the careless or mean lord of the manor. Upon Hursley, in fine, lies a russet glow of prosperity not easy to paint in words. "*Il a l'air*," a Frenchwoman once said to me, "*d'être bien à l'aise*."

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

THE VANISHED CHRISTINA.

THE Professor was tired; he felt that his lecture on "The Inherent Vitality of Seeds" had not been a success. He tried to believe that the inattention of his audience was owing to the unseasonable sultriness of the day, but he feared the lack of interest was caused by the increasing prosiness of his delivery.

He walked into the park, and sat on a seat placed under a horse-chestnut tree. "Ah! the *Æsculus Hippocastanum*," he murmured, as he glanced up at the rapidly thinning, rusty green screen overhead. Some children, with youth's superb indifference to climatic influences, came racing by. Their shrill voices touched a long-silent chord of the Professor's memory; scenes of fifty years ago were reflected on his brain. He saw the earnest, upturned face of his sister Christina, as she explained to him why she thought the chestnut tree was good and the oak tree wicked. "The oak's branches are all wriggly like the tree the ogre was turned into in our fairy book, but the chestnut's branches bend straight up to Heaven and look like the candlesticks in church." Then he saw her jumping for joy and singing "The candles are lit," and behold! it was spring, and every branch terminated in a swelling burnt sienna sticky bud. He remembered the fascination of watching the buds gradually unfold at the sun's warm touch, until they set free tender green leaves that drooped weakly earthwards. Then in early summer the leaves grew strong, their dark green colour showing off the cone-shaped clusters of almond-scented pink and white blossom. Again in fancy he stood by the little sister's side; the autumn leaves were whirled away, and he and she ran hither and thither picking up the bursting green-spined balls. After they had collected the crimson-brown nuts, they made a fire-place in a hollow in the tree's trunk, the husks and dead leaves were utilised as fuel, and the tough leaf-stalks made excellent matches—in appearance. With a sigh and a dull ache in his throat the Professor realised that he was alone.

That evening at dinner the Professor, for the first time in his life, studied his sister's face with interest. He searched in vain for some trace of the little Christina of his memory. Vanished Christina had a dear little pointed chin, but the present Christina's chin was as ill-defined as her waist.

If the tender-hearted child had grown into a careworn woman, burdened with her own and others' sorrows, he might have seen some resemblance; but his sister had not the fine network of wrinkles that belong to lovable old age; she had the smooth skin and placid look of the self-complacent. Not that she was a bad woman; she was only domineering and common-place. The Professor's friends spoke of her as "a notable housewife," but when they wanted speech with him, they sought it anywhere but at his dinner-table, for there the Professor sat silent, while a stream of talk flowed from Christina's lips. She was talking now to deaf ears, for the Professor was wondering when and how the little Christina had become



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VIEW FROM THE BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A GRAND OLD LIME AT HURSLEY PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE HURSLEY HOUNDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

so changed, and why it was he had never thought about it before, and thinking that it was absurd to say a person is different one day from the day before, and yet the change must begin somewhere. Then he became aware that Christina was saying, "Poor Mrs. Thwaites has lost both her little girls with scarlet fever."

"It is life, not death, that is sad," said the Professor.

She looked enquiringly at him, to see if he were dark under the eyes. He fancied she needed an explanation of his words, so he continued in a dreamy voice: "It is foolish to grieve at the death of little children—that is, if they are bright and pretty, and one would have them remain so."

"Now, Alick, you are just talking nonsense," said Christina, in her decided voice. "If the children happen to be bright and

pretty, that is all the more reason for grieving over their death; the foolishness is to be sorry when an ill-favoured, cross wean is taken away. But you will never get a mother to admit that."

Later in the evening, on his way to bed, the Professor overheard Christina speaking to the servant: "Ann, I think your master has taken a chill; it would be advisable to put this powder in his porridge in the morning."

The indignant Professor made a mental note not to partake of porridge at his next breakfast, and, still thinking of the vanished Christina as he dropped off to sleep, he murmured: "She has as completely gone as though she had never been."

W. S.

ORCADIAN SCENERY.

IT has been pointed out by geologists that, broadly speaking, the West Coast is more or less in the nature of a rampart against the wild Atlantic, and the tendency is for the land to slope gradually towards the low and level East. Those who have travelled by sea to Orkney from London will readily admit how much there is in this. You begin with low marshes and saltings. You pass long low sands and soft crumbling rocks up to the Border, and the wild rocky coast of Berwickshire is but a casual interruption. From a celebrated point of view on Arthur's Seat at Edinburgh you see the low shores of



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THE HAMLET WHERE THE KELPERS RESIDE.

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the Firth of Forth and the low "Fifan" hills, but nothing with the grandeur of the Welsh or Cumbrian hills. So onward by Peterhead and Aberdeen, till you come to the broad blue Moray Firth. The character of the country at least does not contradict the broad generalisation. In the stormy Pentland, where the North Sea meeting the wild Atlantic keeps up a continual turmoil of waters, the characters, too, are blended. From the rocky

coast near Thurso, where the billows are ever heaving among the caves they and time have hollowed out, the Orcadian Islands may be seen from a distance that yields their true



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BREAKERS FROM THE WEST.

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proportions. They are not bold and stern like the companion Shetlands, but only here and there raise low black heads above the surface of the water. I never think of them without remembering the poignant odour that got associated with my first impressions of Orcadian scenery. The time of the year was autumn, many autumns ago now, though the memory of it is as vivid as that of yesterday. After crossing to Stromness on a small steamer I drove to Kirkwall in an air whose poignant freshness had an odour commingled of the salt sea's breath and bleaching seaweed scattered for manure on the fields and peat-reek and fish. And the wind that carries it literally bloweth where it listeth. It comes from the waters washing about the rocky islets, or moist and strong from the Atlantic billows. And there is no woodland to break its force, no high mountain to provide shelter, only black moors and low, bare, black hills and the tacksmen's fields rudely enclosed with dry stone walls. Æolus might well have his home in a cave with the "selkies" here.

One consequence of this is that here you may witness the strangest massing and driving of clouds. When fine it is very fine, and out of Italy it would be hard to show skies more beautiful than those of Orkney. After a long, bright summer day to watch the sun go down from some point near Kirkwall Bay is something to remember. The clear blue water, in Ovid's classic phrase, casts long arms around the land, white sea-gulls rise and fall on the wave-like things at anchor, a brown-sailed fishing-boat, or even a steamer followed by a line of smoke, falls naturally into the scene, and the starry twilight comes on with only a remote suggestion of darkness. But the winter storms give you beauty of quite another order. I remember, many winters ago, just about this time of the year, being in Orkney during one of its infrequent snow-storms. For a couple of days the snow fell ceaselessly in great moist heavy flakes that came sailing down the air like birds afraid to settle. Outdoor amusements became impossible; skating was out of the question, and so was shooting. Out of a lumber-room of the inn I procured some loose volumes of a religious magazine, which, luckily, had a continued story, but the reading was not of an exhilarating kind. Much joy was therefore felt when towards noon of the third day the great canopy of cloud appeared suddenly to burst open, and the sun shone from an island of blue. A little later and the sky became cloudless. This was accompanied by a fall of temperature, and the coming on of a biting hard frost. In reporter's language, "vehicular traffic was suspended," but to remain indoors was impossible, especially as I had a friend some ten miles off, and saw the chance of a pleasant evening with him. There were not wanting people to assure me of the danger. They recalled the case of Thomas Davidson,

the Scottish Probationer, author of that lovely song with the refrain

"'Tis the thorn that stays all the year, alas!

'Tis the flower that comes and goes, comes and goes,"

which, by the by, is quoted from memory. Davidson's reckless wanderings in Orkney and his consequent exhaustions no doubt precipitated his early and lamented death. But "he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar," and forth did I fare. The going was

heavy, and the glare of the snow bad for one's eyes, only in those days a house was a prison at the best, and the open air a pleasure. It proved to be even a more foolhardy exploit than had been prophesied. Yet what abides in my memory is not the losing of the way, the weary walking over a moor in darkness, and the ultimate finding of a hut or cottage when exhaustion had all but come to the finishing point. On the way somewhere past Scapa, looking seaward, a sudden change struck me. The first thing to attract my notice was a little boat, the crew of which, with singularly grim, almost desperate faces, were pulling to land as if their lives depended on reaching it. Far away, little white caps of foam appeared racing after them like hounds in full cry. Above, clouds had suddenly gathered from one knew not where, huddling together as if Æolus had let out all his winds



T. Kent.

AN OMINOUS EVENING.

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at once, and the winter sun was just strong enough to give them a lurid and sinister edging. They say in Orkney that nothing calms the sea more quickly than a frost, and indeed the waves a few minutes before might have been those of summer as they swelled up gently against the rocks, or broke and ran on the little stretches of wet sand; but the little sea-dogs, that had at first appeared mere caps of foam, approached closer, and ever seemed to grow in size, till they broke like thunder in huge weltering waves on the rocky coast. It had become an ominous evening indeed, though most likely one of a different kind from that of which such an excellent photograph has been received. The very sea-birds seemed to grow afraid. On going out it had been a pleasure to see the black cormorants swimming or flying; but whether they crossed to the sheltered side of the island, or hid themselves among the rocks, I knew not—they were seen no more. A skua had been beating up and down on his strong white wings, but he steered his course northward and departed into the limitless distance. All these changes were so interesting that it never occurred to me to ask what they might mean, and I held on my way, humming the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, and realising what the phrase meant, "guriy grew the sea." But the awakening had not long to be waited for. A wailing, piercing wind began to blow a hurricane, and the snow descended in a thick blinding shower that brought night before its time. It was a terrible night, but it had nothing but pleasant associations.

The place where I found shelter proved to be a lonely cottage not far from such a hamlet as is seen in our illustration. Indeed, this is very typically Orcadian. There are the low ground, and the cottages and the water that are Orkney. Those who live there are usually of diverse occupations, the fishermen being fewer in number than the stranger might possibly expect. It is where the kelp-burner of our other picture lived. At one time burning kelp was a great industry of the islands, the product being used in the manufacture of glass and soap. But in an age of cheapness this proved to be too expensive a material to employ in the various brands of washing stuff, and so the industry was for a time ruined, to the great embarrassment of many estates in Orkney. A number of the oldest families are now replaced by "ferry-loupers." Once again, however, kelp-burning appears to have a future before it, as iodine can be thus obtained. Two other pictures deserve a brief mention. One is that of "Breakers from the West," at once a wonderful example of photography and a beautiful rendering of Orcadian scenery. Perhaps the wildest effect of breakers, however, is felt on some of the smaller islands, which are so narrow that the foam breaking on one side is carried right over to the other. And lastly comes "The Orkney Express," a carrier's cart drawn by the patient ox. It is in a true sense emblematic. Here you have a sign and proof that despite the advance of steam and electricity on the islands that fringe the coast of Great Britain, the life, or at least much of it, is as simple and primitive as ever. Much of it is also reflected in the lives of the people themselves. They go by the old ways, trust in the old faith, believe even in the old superstitions, but nevertheless are a brave and hardy folk, and the very best recruits that our navy and mercantile marine can have. The national value of these islands lies in their forming natural nurseries for sailors.



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THE ORKNEY EXPRESS.

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CAVE EXPLORING . . IN DERBYSHIRE.

THE two clubs in Yorkshire and Derbyshire that have taken up cave work during the last two or three years, partly on account of its attractions as a sport and partly for its genuine scientific interests, comprise among their members a good many cragsmen, whose peculiar skill and experience have proved extremely useful underground.

Our first serious enterprise of the kind in Derbyshire was undertaken as a new and promising species of rock climb, albeit the usual conditions were to be turned upside down, and the feat was to get to the bottom of a rocky gulf and not to the summit

of anything. This was the descent of Elden Hole, a vertical chasm in the limestone uplands near Castleton, 200ft. deep, with a beautiful inner cavern 65ft. deeper. Our party was equipped with no other apparatus than the Alpine ropes used in ascending a big cliff; we proposed to scramble down the craggy walls of the hole as far as possible, and then let each other down the overhanging parts by hand. This simple plan nearly led to a fatal catastrophe, though it was so far a success that three men reached the bottom in safety. When, however, we tried to return, the difficulties proved far greater than we anticipated. The whole party had a most trying experience, and one man, the writer, had the misfortune to spend nine hours inside the hole before he could be restored to the earth's surface. Derbyshire is the best county in England for rock climbing, after the Lake District, yet some of our finest climbs are situated underground. Connected with the Blue John Mine are two lofty chambers, the roofs of which go up into the mass of the hill as two enormous rifts, magnificently lined with stalagmite. Both have been climbed—one of them to a height of 130ft.—but the polished and slippery nature of the substance coating the walls, and the lack of good rough grips, force one to redouble the precautions necessary on a mountain-side. To climb such a chimney by back and knee work, by the light of a candle carried in the hand and stuck on the wall with lumps of clay, affords some curious sensations. The resting-places are far apart, and only to be utilised by jamming one's body into the cleft; the rope must be manipulated with care; but the wonders that are revealed, perhaps for the first time to a human eye, are adequate compensation. Such rockwork does, no doubt, lack the intense exhilaration of climbing on the fells. The atmosphere of the caves is somewhat deficient in ozone, and the exertion is more severe, but the novelty and endless variety of cave exploring make up for this.

In exploring the celebrated "Bottomless Pit" in the Speedwell Mine, for instance, the party was taken to the scene of action in two large boats, through a subterranean waterway 750yds. long. The overflow from this strange canal descends into a dark chasm, which was supposed to be the first of a long succession of vaults and channels. With the experience gained in our descent into Elden Hole, repeated later on under safer conditions, we had rigged up tackle over the mysterious abyss, and the explorers were let down one by one on a rope with a wooden seat attached to it. The actual depth of the pit turned out to be only 85ft., but the journey through a waterfall and the scramble over wet rocks below were decidedly interesting, especially for the first man, who was unaware what dangers might be awaiting him. With much difficulty a number of planks were got down to the bottom and a raft was built, on which one adventurer launched out into the black pool that receives the waterfall, and took elaborate soundings. The depth over the greater part of it was found to be 22ft. Overhead the cavern ascends into



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ORCADIAN SCENERY: A KELP BURNER.

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the hill for an unknown distance; no rocket has ever reached the top, and the view in that direction is as savage and as awe-inspiring as that of the "Bottomless Pit" itself.

The highest attraction of this curious sport lies in the beauty and sublimity that are hid away under the earth. The streams that have played such a notable part in their history—the Bradwell River or the Devil's Hole Water—are pretty but commonplace brooks when seen above ground; but when you meet them in the darkness of the caverns they have a grandeur and a mystery that fill one with awe. The far-heard muttering of the waters, the terrible crescendo as you draw nigh, and the deafening roar of the torrent plunging into dark abysses, fill one with an instinctive dread that is not easily shaken off. In the Devil's Hole or Peak Cavern the streams are never far away; you are constantly coming within ear-shot of a swallet-hole, where the water suddenly disappears with a hollow rumbling. Our efforts to penetrate beyond the points hitherto reached in this famous cavern took us through two long tunnels filled nearly to the roof with water. We carried our apparatus through the first in a boat, whose gunwale grated against the roof; but the second tunnel stopped the boat, and we had to wade through a lakelet that came nearly to our necks. A most interesting series of caves and galleries was discovered at the end of this supposed syphon. Nor were these the only "finds" we made here, for by a difficult climb up an opening in the roof of the main cavern we reached a beautiful chamber, encrusted all over with stalagmite, and a new passage, 117ft. long, and nearly perpendicular, was successfully descended from Cave Dale into the huge cavity known as the "Orchestra."

Every cave is a cave of illusions. Such vast chambers as Lord Mulgrave's dining-hall look even vaster through the indefinable and mysterious character of their shadowy domes. The most powerful illuminants, limelight, magnesium, Bengal fires, rockets, and fire balloons, cannot utterly expel the darkness. There is always something inscrutable beyond the parts that we see. Our investigations never seem to exhaust the possibilities of some startling discovery. The cave explorer is, in fact, ever on the tiptoe of expectation. At any moment he may burst into some treasure chamber of natural beauty never before disclosed to the eye of man, such as the Fairy Grotto in the Blue John Mine, with its wealth of pure stalactites like a frozen rain shower, and its walls of stalagmite, diapered all over with fantastic patterns. This grotto was discovered before our exploration, but ours were the first explorers who came across an exquisite series of stalactitic chambers in the Bagshawe Cavern, chambers that are so difficult to approach that it is almost impossible to secure photographs of their beauties. There is a wonderful difference between the sights of a cavern that has been open to the public for years, its most delicate incrustations half defaced by a coating of dust and impalpable soot, and these crystallisations fresh from Nature's laboratory. In the Blue John caverns we reached the deepest and grandest cavern of all by crawling along a dirty and constricted tunnel, a sort of exaggerated rabbit-hole, 70ft. long and 40ft. deep. At the end of a few yards of horizontal crawling, the explorer finds his body overhanging a curious pit, down which he wriggles as best he can in the dark, and alights on a bed of mud at the bottom. He finds himself in an august chamber or hall, something like a theatre, with its galleries, pit, and proscenium magnificently draped with curtains of stalagmite. This cavern was discovered about the year 1847, but its existence was lost sight of till quite recently. Needless to say, it is never likely to become one of the show-places in this suite of caverns. In the Bagshawe Cavern we met with an accumulation of obstacles in exploring a new series of caves which, with their ramifications, extend several miles. Our descent of a vertical chasm, known as the Dungeon, was not difficult with the aid of a rope ladder; but we soon came across three lakelets, of various depths, filling the bottom of the main tunnel. Having waded these, the water coming breast high, we proceeded up and down through a long succession of rugged chambers and low-roofed passages, crawling on hands and knees over sharp rocks, with no room in many parts to lift our heads, until we reached the passages communicating with the Bradwell River. Some friends penetrated through to the channel of this stream a few days later, adopting the precaution of oiling themselves to keep the wet out. Our own party consisted of four, and unfortunately got separated, two men losing themselves in the bewildering passages, and only being rescued after a long and arduous search. They were found sitting round the fag end of a candle, the only bit they had left, whereas a pound of candles would have been wanted to take them back to the cave mouth.

Cave exploration has dangers of its own, apart from those that it shares with rock work. We have never experienced an inrush of water, but several times we have been beset by the possibility of a flood after heavy rain. These caverns are sometimes filled with water from floor to roof, and constantly show proofs of recent inundations. Every care must be taken to ensure against getting lost, the handiest contrivance being a ball of thin string or a reel of silk. To attempt the exploration of an

extensive series of caverns with a too small party may be suicidal; on the other hand, most of our work has been carried out with an embarrassing crowd of assistants, and the difficulty has been to keep down the numbers, so potent is the attraction of this absorbing game. Where difficult operations have to be performed, such as climbing a lofty chasm by means of ladders, or letting men down a deep swallet-hole, several extra hands are necessarily required; and for transporting boats, cameras, gas cylinders, and other paraphernalia a certain amount of assistance is needed. Beyond that point, however, it is wise to keep the exploring party within reasonable bounds, and for many extensive caverns a party of four is ample. I mention this because it is a pursuit that is likely to become fairly popular. There is a wide field for cave exploration in England, much of it unworked as yet. Every limestone district is full of caves, and they are to be found in some other geological formations. Careful plans thought out beforehand, suitable equipment, and adequate precautions against the many dangers and obstacles that beset such a sport, are essential to success.

ERNEST A. BAKER.



ANYONE who has read "Short Stalks" knows well that Mr. E. N. Buxton is no ordinary hunter of big game, and will be glad to welcome his *Two African Trips* (E. Stanford, London). Such men are very rare, and when they have, as he has, the gift of observation as well as of writing, their books are doubly charming, and become a source of enjoyment to many who are satiated with books of African travel and sport.

It is very hard to write after such authors as Selous, who is, perhaps, unsurpassed, not only as a great hunter, but as a describer of incidents and scenes amongst which he has passed the best years of his life. Mr. Buxton, however, is more than a traveller and sportsman, and represents a type of man who, if he had not been deeply engaged in important private and public affairs during all his younger days, would have distinguished himself as a soldier, or as a Colonial Governor of unusual power. Few men of over sixty, who have filled such positions as he has at home, even if they can find the time, are physically capable of doing what he seems able to do with undiminished vigour; and only those who have themselves for the first time experienced the feeling of following such dangerous beasts as wounded lions or buffaloes in jungle where you cannot see ten yards before you, can realise how rare such qualities are at an age when most men are no longer able to endure the hardships of big-game hunting in a tropical climate. His first trip was to East Africa, where he spent a few weeks in some of the best big-game districts on either side of the Uganda Railway. His second was to the White Nile, which, since the establishment of British power in the Soudan, has again become partially open to sportsmen. Here he seems to have devoted as much time to photography as to hunting, with successful results. I have rarely seen a book so profusely illustrated, no less than eighty full-page photographs being given with little over two hundred pages. Some of these taken with a telephoto camera are wonderfully successful, and the difficulties of getting them were very great. Mr. Buxton describes the trembling suspense when he had wormed himself within range, say two hundred yards as a maximum, of a herd of antelopes, and the difficulties of manipulating the cumbersome camera and remembering all the various tricks of the art when streaming with perspiration from sheer excitement. The only other person who, so far as I know, has surpassed him in this new form of stalking is Mr. Wallahan of Colorado, who has for years devoted himself to the photography of wild animals, and has published two beautifully illustrated books on the subject, which show what can be done by those who have sufficient patience and who are favourably situated in a good game country. Some of these, however, give one the idea of being a little made up, which Mr. Buxton's certainly are not.

The most striking incident recorded in this book is the story of how the author killed his first lions accompanied by his daughter. The reader does not know which most to admire, the calm courage with which the author, after missing his first shots at two of the herd of lions, turned on the third lion, which had almost walked over his daughter, and rolled him over at eight yards' distance, or the extraordinary nerve and confidence in her father with which Miss Buxton pointed out to him a fourth lion which he could not see, and stood like a rock, without uttering a cry, when the lion charged, and fell almost at her feet. Surely such a woman as this should be the mother of heroes; and who can doubt that a

child nursed on that lion's skin will inherit the qualities which have made England great. On another occasion the author and his daughter were bicycling along unarmed, and some miles ahead of their caravan, when a lion walked out across the road only thirty yards from them; and this incident gave rise to stories which got into the papers with poetic effusions, of which one couplet ran as follows:

"Orpheus is dead, stilled are his dulcet strains,
The lyre, the blatant lyre, alone remains."

Those who know the author of this book know that he is incapable of drawing the longbow, or even of that tendency to embellishment which, in some otherwise charming books, raises suspicions in the reader's mind.

A considerable part of the work is devoted to the question of big-game preservation in Africa, a subject which has been in the past neglected, with lamentable results. Since the International Conference on the subject in 1899, regulations have been introduced in the Soudan, British East Africa, Uganda, British Central Africa, and Somaliland, as well as in German East Africa, which, if they can be enforced, will prevent the extermination of the game which has taken place in many parts of South Africa. These regulations are very fully discussed, and a large map is given showing the reserves which have been established, and which amount, roughly, to about 94,000 square miles—an immense area, but little enough when the size of Africa is considered. The greatest difficulty, as it seems to me, is the question of how far it is possible, even if it were justifiable, to enforce restrictions on the natives, who, though at present unarmed, will as time goes on become owners of firearms. When men's lives depend on their having arms to protect themselves, and in seasons of drought to keep them from starvation, which seems to be the case in many parts of Africa, I do not see how you can enforce regulations on the natives, or on the white residents in the country, who are becoming yearly more numerous. Unless the reserves are restricted to regions which are practically uninhabitable, or the native chiefs can be interested in the preservation of the game, an occasional fine, even when accompanied by confiscation of trophies, will not prevent unlicensed sportsmen from excessive slaughter, any more than it has done in the Yellowstone Park; and the wandering habits of most of the larger animals in Africa are such, that you cannot keep them on the protected areas as if they were pheasants or hares. It is, however, most important that the game should be preserved, because it is one of the greatest attractions to the class of men who are wanted to administer the country. Mere clerks, or officials who are only happy in a civilised country, are of little use to govern such a country as tropical Africa, and many of our best officials are, or were at first, attracted to the country by the sport it affords. No one can dispute the fact that, as a training for men who are to fill such positions as must be filled in Africa, big-game hunting is the best of all schools, as it is for officers in the Army; and we have notable instances of this in such men as Colonel Swayne, whose hunting trips in Somaliland had given him an unrivalled knowledge of the country.

In conclusion, I can only say that this is a book which should find a permanent place in the library of every lover of sport, Nature, and travel, and hope that it may not record Mr. Buxton's last successes with rifle and camera.

H. J. ELWES.

"ACROSS COVETED LANDS," by A. Henry Savage Landor (Macmillan), may be classed as a powerful book of travel and exploration which wins the admiration of the reader and compels his interest, in spite of a good many faults of an irritating character. It is unquestionably too long, and the author is a man of violent prejudices. These are in favour of Russia, a prejudice which, rightly or wrongly, is not popular in England, and against Germany, Anglo-Indians, and previous explorers and map-makers. On the last-named he is exceptionally severe; and no doubt it is annoying to penetrate into a strange land only to find that the official maps are hopelessly wrong; but he is sometimes too hard upon them. After all, that which is occasionally a watercourse, and at most times dry, must be marked on a map as something, and one is not entitled to expect annotations in a map. Again, on Anglo-Indians, Mr. Savage Landor justifies the first two syllables of his double name. Englishmen in Persia, especially Sir Arthur Hardinge, are little below the angels, or the Russians; Anglo-Indians are described in epithets and in one sentence which it is not necessary to exasperate their feelings by repeating. In fact, Mr. Savage Landor is a man of extreme opinions, from which it follows as of necessity that it is prudent to discount his views upon the serious questions of politics. But for all that he has accomplished a most remarkable journey, the account of which would be more interesting if he had given the precise dates of his wanderings, and he has seen men and cities and places, all of which he describes very minutely and well. Barring the silver strip, and a little voyaging on inland lakes, he has travelled from London to Bombay by land, going by way of Baku, Teheran, Isfahan, Yezd, Kerman, Zaidan, and, above all, Sher-i-Rustam to Quetta, and thence to Bombay in the ordinary way; and the journey has not been without its adventures and its dangers.

It is not, however, mainly by reason of adventures and perils that the book is interesting and valuable. Mr. Savage Landor, a man of obvious courage and of rare powers of endurance, makes little or nothing of these. A look at him, his revolver, and his rifles suffices to quell any band of robbers. It is as an observer that he excels. No book with which I have even a passing acquaintance gives so intimate a picture of Persian life and character. In it one sees the Persians as they live. They are dreamers, philosophers, procrastinators; they are intelligent in early youth, but they tail off in mature years; their administration is corrupt; their rich men dare not display their wealth; the whole country is about as ill-governed as it can possibly be. In fact, the impression which Mr. Landor leaves, probably unwillingly, and because he is a faithful observer, although he would fain be optimistic as to the future of Persia, is that its case is quite hopeless. From Teheran, where he interviewed the Shah, and saw his strange palace, a museum of gimcracks and articles of real vertu, Mr. Landor went on eventually to some of the ruined cities of the borderland of Afghanistan and Beluchistan, and here both letterpress and photographs are of great value. One sees the very towers of Sher-i-Rustam, the stronghold of Rustum, whose duel with Sohrab, his son, was the theme of one of Matthew Arnold's finest poems. There Rustum lay when Peran-Wisa, the wise man, spoke thus to Sohrab, when "the first grey of morning filled the East, and the fog rose out of the Oxus stream."

"Seek him in peace and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray;
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Gerstan, with Zal, his father old."

Humours there are in this book, too, absurd legends of the desert, recorded with vivacious fidelity, and curious ethnological observations, and a considerable contribution to the stores of the knowledge of the ancient history which lies buried, or partially buried, under the sands of the heart of Asia.

It was in 1861 that Dr. Charles Park Collyns of Dulverton, in Somerset, dedicated the first edition of *The Chase of the Wild Red Deer* to Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, and the book, cherished by a few fortunate possessors, is now quite rare and practically unknown. It is also the best monograph on the subject extant (except, perhaps, Mr. Fortescue's "Stag-hunting on Exmoor"), and consequently Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have been well advised to bring it out in a new edition, edited by the Hon. L. J. Bathurst, and beautifully illustrated by Mr. E. Caldwell. Whether they have been prudent in limiting the edition to 1,000 copies is another matter. But *ne sutor ultra crepidam*; let the reviewer be contented to possess a beautiful book and to believe that the publishers know their own business. Dr. Collyns died in 1864, but his memory is still green in many stories, especially that of the stag which, after being chased almost to death, and, for some reason or other, spared, was tended by the kindly doctor for two hours. The hunt has, of course, grown into an almost national institution since those days, but Mr. Bathurst gives full credit to the country doctor as the prime mover, so to speak, in the revival. Mr. Bathurst, in truth, is a judicious and modest editor. The doctor's work was a labour of love performed by one who loved the tall red deer as if he had been their father; it contains few faults in matters of physiology, and the art of venery has been changed little since his day, save for the fact that, owing to abundance of deer, "tufing" has become a different kind of art. In the matter of style, Dr. Collyns, although full of apology in that he rushes into print for the first time when he was more than sixty years old, leaves nothing to be desired; indeed, his modest, dignified, and simple style contains much that some of the moderns might imitate with advantage to their own fame and to the feelings of their readers. Herein, written by a gentleman and a sportsman, is the history of a grand pack and a full exposition of the principles of a noble sport. The appendix contains a number of quaint and stirring notes, made by the late Mr. Boyle, of chases between 1780 and 1825, beginning with the *great stag* found in Roach's Ham, near Sherwell, and killed near Barnstaple, whose haunches weighed 105lb., who was "the largest and fattest stag killed for many a season."

Dog Town, being some chapters from the "Annals of the Waddles family, set down in the language of Housepeople," by Mabel Osgood Wright (Macmillan), is addressed to "all those who love children and dogs," and it will surely not have been addressed in vain. Many folks can write with some success of children, but to write intimately of dogs and their characters is a gift almost as rare as that of painting really good animal pictures. The author unquestionably possesses that gift. Speaking as a sincere lover of dogs, who has lived with them from his youth up, I find in the gentle history of the lives of these beagles practically all that is known to me of the home life and manners of dogs, and a great deal which, while it was unknown to me hitherto, bears the clear impress of truth. Happy Hall in Dog Town is the home of these dogs in the United States, and a delightful volume is abundantly illustrated with good photographs by the author.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Riding and Polo Ponies, by T. F. Dale (Lawrence and Bullen). This is a first impression, and a last, after careful perusal. Mr. Dale, a lifelong horseman and an eager student of polo and of polo ponies, condenses his knowledge in this useful volume. It ought to be in the hands of all breeders and all purchasers of polo ponies, and it is agreeable to note that Mr. Dale has a high opinion of the value of native British pony blood, so far as that blood can be said to be really native. A book of great practical value.

Hidden Manna, by A. J. Dawson (Heinemann). A wonderfully strong story of Eastern life, full of vigour and movement, which displays such knowledge of the Moors and their ways as is rarely seen in English print; a book, in short, to be secured without delay, and to be read with grateful excitement.

Queen Victoria, a biography, by Sidney Lee (Smith, Elder). Mr. Sidney Lee is nothing if not thorough. Those who do not own the "Dictionary of National Biography," that is to say, the overwhelming majority of English-speaking and English-reading people, would have been quite satisfied if he had reprinted from it the biography of the late Queen which he wrote under the express instructions of the late Mr. George Smith. But Mr. Lee, always conscientious, has found it necessary not merely to correct a few errors, but substantially to rewrite, and to add matter which he omitted before. The result is a volume of more than 600 pages, which may be described deliberately as the most truthful life of a great Queen, and the most impartial history of the Victorian age that has yet been issued from the press.

The Boy's Iliad, by Walter Copland Perry, with illustrations by Jacob Hood (Macmillan), is a great deal better than its title, for it contains matters not included in the "Iliad," which yet ought to be known to all cultivated persons, and it is good reading for grown men and women, although the style is simple. It is, in fact, the story of the Trojan War writ large. It has not, of course, the sonorous splendour of old Homer himself, for that cannot be so much as approached in English. But the grand story is there; further, the illustrations, notably that of the fight round the body of Patroclus, are full of life.

DUCK SHOOTING AT NETHERBY.

THE previous article on the Netherby methods of rearing and shooting wild ducks concluded with the settling of the young ducks in "homes" on the Carwinley Burn, at the "gap" near Gaitle Burn, and in the large wood near the park. It was noted that once put down there and regularly fed the ducks developed a strong

homing instinct, returning to these places and remaining there all day, however long had been their nightly flights. Though at the Park Wood there is almost no water, there some two thousand ducks spent all day, wandering among the fern and trees, gathering in flocks of hundreds in the rides, and keeping to the wood with as much persistence as in other places they do to a lake. If by any chance any of these birds moved away, they would fly straight back for the home.

Naturally it is no easy matter to protect three separate colonies, or possibly four, of some ten thousand wild ducks in all, from such robbers as foxes. This is done in a very thorough manner by enclosing many hundreds of acres round each home with 4ft. wire netting, surmounted by three strands of barbed wire. Few foxes will ever get over this, though one did, and killed twenty-five ducks.

Far the prettiest scene is up the long valley of the Carwinley Burn, the scene of part of the shooting here illustrated. The burn itself is a rapid brawling stream, with occasional weirs and falls. On either side are mixed woods, with a fringe of tall trees along the skyline. Bracken below, scattered Scotch firs, and birch make up the familiar and ever beautiful setting of a Northern stream. At places it has a margin of level ground, often part of the old bed of the stream, or made by a flood. This, judiciously dammed below, and with a little cut made from the burn above, becomes a pool, in which the grey backs, green heads, and black and white tails of the drakes, and modest brown figures of the ducks are seen as their owners walk or swim in company. There is a considerable coming and going between these pools, and though wild ducks, when in company like this, prefer walking to flying, a little disturbance fills the woods with the brightly-plumaged birds flying and twisting above and between the trees. Let us come up to the most picturesque duck centres of all—No. 1 and No. 2, in Sunny Rig. The first is one of those where

at overhead birds, and the guns are best screened. The butts are circular, with a small side opening. The object is to drive the ducks over these, and to keep them circling round for two or two and a-half hours.

The obvious conclusion as to such a shoot would be that the guns go to the burn, and that the ducks are then shot as they



W. A. Rouch.

WALKING THE WHINNEY COVERT.

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rise. This would be no sport. But unless specially handled, the birds would not offer much more exciting shots than that. It is difficult to get them to rise well even from a lake. Crowded together in a narrow burn valley the chances would be worse still. Besides, they would, were it not for the homing instinct referred to before, fly straight away after a few shots.

Here the special use of means to an end at Netherby comes in to meet the difficulty, to give high fast shots, and to keep the shooting up without a break.

The ducks are accustomed to leave the home, and then fly back to it. From the time when they are placed on the burn a horn is blown when they are fed. The birds, though by the beginning of October they are quite wild, except when the person they see is known to them, as the keeper or his man, will always fly to this horn. A fortnight or three weeks before the shooting is to take place the keeper begins

to lead the ducks away from the home, right across country. On the first day he blows his horn at a little distance from the burn. Next day it is a hundred yards further, then another hundred yards, then two hundred yards, till the birds take a half mile flight out when they hear his horn. On the shooting day every duck flies out to the sound of the horn at any distance the keeper has decided upon. It may be three-quarters of a mile off. Meanwhile the bed of the burn is empty of ducks, and the guns take up their places. The vast body of ducks are then flushed, and come in high over, with full speed up, possibly with a heavy wind behind them, to the burn. The guns in the shelters fire as fast as they can, and the ducks rise higher, wheel round and round, and once more try to descend. They circle and wheel, take flights out into the country round, and sometimes settle there, but are put up again and come in for the burn.

If the reader will imagine what a couple of thousand ducks, at all heights and angles, look like under the circumstances, he will also form

some idea of the speed of the shooting. Outside one butt, after the shooting on Wednesday, November 26th, there lay 440 cartridges; the total bag was 840 ducks. Heavy though this is, the gun in question was only one of six; consequently it must be admitted that the ducks were not easy shooting. The varying speed makes them hard to judge. Their feathers are



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RABBIT ACROSS THE RIDE.

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shooting took place when the Prince of Wales was down; the second was the scene of the sport illustrated here. On the left-hand side of the burn at either spot the bank recedes, and leaves broken heathery ground in a semi-circle near the stream. Up against the outer slope and far below the trees on its edge are the butts, much higher than grouse butts, for the shooting is all



W. A. Rouch.

HARE TO THE LEFT!

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very thick also, and few people are good at estimating the correct distance of a high-flying wild duck. When the Prince of Wales was at Netherby the bags were: October 14th, 1,131 ducks; October 15th, 1,190 ducks; October 16th, 1,239 ducks—in heavy wind and rain. This might have been expected to have driven away and depleted the birds; but in two days nearly all those not shot were back in great numbers. At some stands they had scarcely been meddled with. The shooting which Sir Richard Graham has been so kind as to allow to be photographed for illustration here took place on November 25th, 26th, and 27th. The weather was dull but quiet, and it did not rain; a good light and absence of wind helped the sport. Duck shooting was the principal object, but though in all the vast woods of the estate only wild pheasants have been preserved this year, there was enough sport in these natural conditions to make a pleasant addition to the days. On the Tuesday morning a most excellent hour and a-half of wild covert shoot began the day. Netherby is still a noted place for hares. The wide stretches of pasture and great woods suit them, and though ten rabbiters are kept busy for months in the year killing off the rabbits, there are still enough to add to the sport in the coverts. In the short morning's shooting the bag was 252 hares, 31 wild pheasants, 125 rabbits, 2 woodcock, and 1 pigeon. In the afternoon the ducks at Gap Wood were shot and 418 bagged. On the Wednesday the Sunny Rig ducks were shot from the upper set of butts. The shooting and scenery may be gathered from the illustrations and the previous description of the method and site. It lasted from 10.30 a.m. till luncheon, when 840 ducks were killed. In the afternoon the coverts were shot, yielding 15 hares, 20 pheasants, and 65 rabbits.

Thursday saw the great duck shoot. It took place in the Home or Park preserves in the centre of the woods. The ducks had been decoyed away to the further end of the wood, and when flushed came in immense numbers high over the trees. Anyone who chose difficult shots only was able to indulge his fancy all day. The total bag was 1,360 ducks, the largest made in one day this season, and probably the record bag for England.

The cost of rearing ducks is decidedly less than that of rearing pheasants. In the first place, the eggs only cost about fivepence apiece, while early pheasants' eggs cost a shilling. Why people object to buying late pheasants' eggs at fourpence the present writer cannot quite understand, that is, if all the eggs are going to be bought. The birds are just as good in the second week in November as the early birds, and have cost many weeks less to feed. Where a stock is left and eggs are picked up, then the late eggs make practically

a second hatching, and give a good deal of extra trouble. Feeding ducks in the rearing-time is not so expensive as feeding pheasants; but when full grown they will eat as much as ever they can get. The Indian corn given them should not be distributed with too lavish a hand.

Wild ducks can pick up a quantity of natural food by night, though to look at them standing about sleeping by day it might be imagined that they ate the food of idleness entirely. That is not so. The very wildest of wild ducks sleep and dose all day in the same aimless, careless way as these artificially-bred birds do; but towards evening they are all alert, fly great distances, and "dibble and bibble" all night long. The tame-bred wild ducks will scatter all over the country in the same way. They need very careful looking after when first able to fly, for if

perhaps a thousand wild ducks got into a field of standing barley and did their best with it there would be very little profit left on it after a good night's entertainment to the ducks.

In conclusion, it should be remarked that the great woods at Netherby are often very fairly stocked with woodcock, in the sporadic manner in which these birds appear. Once sixty cocks were killed in Silver Hill Wood, and twenty-eight were shot one day last season. But whatever its natural suitability for other game, there is no doubt that it is for its wild ducks that Netherby will go down to posterity as a noted game preserve. The system works absolutely successfully for the end desired; but it may be suggested that if in parts of the ground wild ducks and pheasants could be brought over together, as at Grantley, the sport might be improved. This, however, would need thinking out, for the wild-duck shooting at Grantley is from lakes, where the adjacent woods are driven at the same time. At Netherby the ducks are brought to the guns in a way which would not admit of pheasants being included in the drive.

C. J. CORNISH.

SHOOTING NOTES.

GUN-HEADACHE.

PERHAPS only a small minority of shooters suffer from gun-headache. If they suffered much it is very certain that they would cease to be shooters. But for the comparative few who know this excruciating form of pain it may be of use to mention a means at least of alleviating it. The writer is sorry to say that he speaks with an *experio crede* kind of knowledge on this subject, being a victim himself to gun-headache. The remedy, or, rather, the means of alleviation, is to hold a piece of india-rubber between the teeth while shooting.



W. A. Rouch.

A GOOD LOT.

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At the moment of firing the gun generally is more or less in contact with the cheek—that is to say, the lower jawbone. The concussion of the gun communicates itself along the lower to the upper jaw, and so to the head. The communicated concussion is very much reduced by the india-rubber held as a pad between the teeth. Of course it need not be a big piece of india-rubber. The penny sticks are about the right size, or you may cut a piece of the appropriate size from a bigger block. A quarter of an inch is quite sufficient thickness. It is a good plan to have the india-rubber tied by a bit of twine to the buttonhole of the shooting coat. Then it is always ready. It cannot fall to the ground and be lost. And if by any mischance you should swallow it, the string gives you a means of retrieving it. The plan is a simple one, and really is of no little efficacy. You may supplement it, if you please, by plugging your ears up with cotton-wool, but this is less important. In most cases it probably is the shaking, the concussion, rather than the noise, that occasions the headache. This being so, it is of course most important that the gun should be pressed very close to the shoulder at the moment of firing. This, however, is essential to all good shooting, and not only to the comfort of the gun-headache sportsman. Some kinds of powder are perhaps better than others; but in any case the india-rubber pad between the teeth is likely to prove a help.

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES, AND THE COMPETITION OF PHEASANTS.

The Norfolk and Suffolk Poaching Prevention Society seems to have in it all the elements of a most valuable sportsman's union. It conducts prosecutions, gives guarantees to bona-fide egg sellers and pheasant and partridge breeders, and recommends them to members, prosecutes poachers, keeps a vigilant watch on the egg stealer and illicit receiver, and now is collecting information as to certain problems of preservation.

The secretary has sent round, by direction of the executive council, a series of questions, the answers to which, if the informant gives written permission, will be summarised for the use of members. The questions indicate what are the main points on which Norfolk owners desire further light. The chief deal with Hungarian partridges. It is asked how many have been purchased, and whether their legs were ringed for identification, whether they remain on the ground, and whether they breed satisfactorily. These things are rather doubted in some quarters. Another important point raised is whether the increase of pheasants on ground results in the reduction of partridges. Figures are also asked for as to the results of the last six years' shooting, whether fewer eggs are stolen and less netting done. The answers to these questions should certainly be of value and interest to all owners of shooting.

SIGNALLING IN COVERT.

A correspondent writes: "We are so dreadfully afraid of being like the foreigner, whom we never will credit with sometimes being a good sportsman, that probably nothing could induce us to take a horn out to a covert shoot to signal with. But I have never yet seen any satisfactory substitute in our woods for what is regularly done in France, where at big and well-managed covert shoots a very small horn is always used to signal when the guns are in their places, and when the beaters have started. Two notes signify that the line of beaters is to stop. Is not this much better than the shrill and ear-piercing whistle on the keeper's instrument, which every bird in the covert associates with guns and dogs, and which is so often used for the purpose of calling dogs that no particular meaning naturally attaches to it, either with guns or beaters? It sets every bird in the place running, too, and disturbs hares and ground game. To stop a line of beaters is usually impossible without enough shouts and yells to put up every bird in the place. Perhaps some of your readers may know 'another and a better way'; but I incline to think that the French plan is the best I have seen."

TO KILL HIGH PHEASANTS.

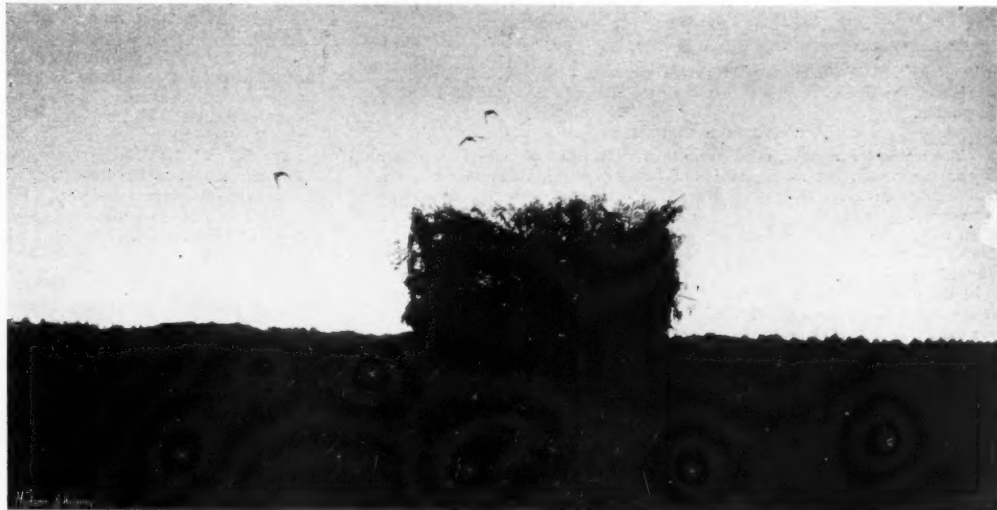
Two main thoughts are in the minds of most average shots at the present moment. One is whether they will shoot up to their usual form, the other whether they will kill their high birds. Probably these are not the most difficult shots; a pheasant rising close and coming only a few yards over the shooter's head is far more likely to be missed, and no satisfaction when killed, while an equally dull shot, which is constantly missed, is a bird which runs out through the hedge, pokes his neck forward, and then flies off low a few feet from the ground. But the high bird is generally one of a series. Missing one generally means missing another and another, for the same inexplicable reason, and everyone sees the tail. Good physical condition is one item in good shooting. There are men who go into training pretty carefully while covert shooting lasts, and sitting up late cheerfully smoking cigars and drinking whisky and soda in pleasant company is absolutely fatal in many cases. But without dwelling on these temptations, it is fairly certain that the main cause of success in pheasant shooting is the knowledge of how to kill particular shots. Practice makes perfect, but there are certain rules which are universally true of this, which, in spite of what may be said of partridge driving, is the most difficult kind of shooting to excel in in these islands. Almost every shot is a driven shot coming at you. But you cannot kill pheasants consistently by snap shooting, as you can even driven partridges. The gun must be swung upwards steadily, with the left arm moving, not only before but after the shot is fired. If not the charge will go 6ft. behind the bird. If it is coming directly overhead there is a rule of thumb which generally comes out right. Cover the bird's head till it is nearly above the gun, then throw the muzzle on forward, and pull as the bird disappears from sight behind the barrels. Birds passing diagonally to the right or left are more difficult, and all that can be said is, that while the arm continues to move the barrels forward, and continues to do so as the shot is fired, the distance ahead at which this should be aimed is in nearly every case greater than the firer is willing to allow. Lastly, whenever possible, never turn round to fire. There are shots in which you must do so. But do not increase the number voluntarily.

THE LATER COVERT SHOOTING.

The later covert shooting begins to make us some amends for the small proportion of birds shot to birds reared that was a general feature of earlier shoots. Birds themselves were late, and the leafage was unusually dense and still later, the result being that beaters overran many birds that were hardly old enough for a good flight, and that preferred to "sit tight" in the abundant covert. Naturally, there were the more left for second and third shoots. And this is not only so much the better for the second shoots, but from the point of view of sport it is better in the aggregate, for the pheasants of the first shoot are very poor birds to kill, as they are beaten from most of the coverts in the country. By the time the second shoot comes, they are much more worth shooting; they are stronger on the wing, take more killing, and are wilder. From every point of view, except that of the butcher, the second shoots are apt to be better fun than the first, and this is especially the case in a late year like the present. By degrees that are painfully slow, the general mass of pheasant shooters and pheasant rearers are being brought to the healthy conviction that it is not sport to post guns close up to the covert, to shoot the birds as they rise, but with the very best will in the world it is most difficult, in a flat country, to make pheasants come well and high over the guns. The chances of doing so improve, however, constantly as the season draws on and birds get stronger while coverts grow thinner.

LATE STOPS

We have come across a curious case in covert shooting, in which the keeper's policy, and it is a perfectly correct policy, is to put out his stops at the end of a certain piece of covert not early in the morning, but only just before shooting begins. The motive for this reversal of the ordinary course is that the pheasants belonging to this particular piece of wood have a habit of going to roost in some high gorse at a little distance from it, probably because it lies rather warmer. When they begin to move in the morning they all work back into the covert. If the stops were put out at the usual early hour they would naturally have the effect of stopping the birds not into, but out of, the covert. It is very creditable on the part of the keeper to have discovered this curious habit of these particular birds, and, having discovered it, to draw his practical inferences from it so successfully as he has done. It would be well if there were more of his kind, capable of observation and of taking intelligent action in accord with its teachings.



W. A. Rouch.

STRAIGHT OVER SIR RICHARD'S BUTT.

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ARRIVAL OF WOODCOCK.

Both from what we have seen and from what we have heard it would appear that woodcocks have generally been late in arriving in any numbers this season, but with their usual caprice they seem to have come in now in considerable quantities. We recently saw seven flushed in quick succession in a small glen of a wood that is not peculiarly noted for attracting these birds; and no doubt there were others that went away without being noticed, for the wood was closely timbered. All were flushed within a radius of less than 50 yds.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

WINTER'S QUICK CHANGE.

SELDOM does even our quick-change climate achieve such a sudden transformation scene as the country presented in the middle of last week. Travelling inland and southward on December 1st from coastwise districts, where earlier blasts from Eastern seas had stripped the trees and hedges, one seemed almost to be journeying back to summer again. With the hedge brambles still in full leaf and all the wild roses and maples still tipped at least with green, the willows far from leafless and the polled oaks still shock-headed with foliage, the ditches crooked with rampant greenery and the ivy-stumps still covered with the greenish yellow blossoms which are the moth-collector's happy hunting ground in late autumn, one could hardly believe that this was really December, in a year, too, for which the weather prophets had unanimously conspired to predict unusual severity in winter. Even though the crisp air at sunset and the amber glow in the west under a cloudless grey-blue sky told of coming frost, the gathering dusk grew more and more full of the filmy flickering shapes of winter moths, flitting in their light-headed way along the hedgerows in quest of fresh amours.

THE FAVOURED SEX.

For the male winter moth is especially equipped by Nature for the rôle of the roving gallant who "loved and rode away" in so many ancient poems of romance; and never was mediæval spinster more inexorably bound by convention

to remain at home after her fickle lover's departure than is the female winter moth. For the simple fact is that while the males have ample, if rather flimsy and faint-coloured, wings, the females have little more—and sometimes less—than tufted shoulder-knots to show where their wings should be. Their ancestresses had full wings, no doubt, and flew abroad like their husbands; yet there is no need to regard their wingless descendants as degenerate, although they may look more like fluffy spiders than moths. The differences which Nature



ALONE IN THE WORLD.

makes between the sexes of wild things are almost always wrought in the interests of the female, though at first sight the blessings seem disguised past all recognition.

DAINGEROUS ORNAMENT.

The males, for instance, often seem to have a monopoly of ornament, not only among insects, but among birds and beasts as well. Even among plants, in those comparatively rare cases where the sexes are separate, the showier blossoms are given to the male. The beautiful yellow "palm" of Eastertide, which village children gather from the willow bushes, is found only on the male plants; the flowers of the females are dull and dowdy green. The male of the common creeping thistle bears handsome purple flower-heads, conspicuous from a distance; whereas you hardly notice that the female has flowered until you see the white thistledown of seed-time drifting with the early winds of autumn over the fields. The male of the common campion bears such a profusion of bloom as would be almost ridiculous in a "florists' flower"; whereas the blossoms of the female are few and far apart. This arrangement may be one-sided; but its one-sidedness is all on behalf of the female. The male has to catch the eye of useful insects—and, incidentally, it also catches the eye of noxious insects and flower-gathering children—first, in order that the female may be supplied with its pollen afterwards.

THE MALE'S RISKS.

Among birds and beasts, such sexual ornaments as the male possesses have not been evolved for his pleasure, but solely for the pleasure of the female, while such risks as their possession involves are all his own. So with the winter moths, it is all very well for the male to flit to and fro, like a man about town, upon pleasure-seeking wings, while his dowdy little mate crawls spider-wise upon the bare stems and branches of hedgerow tangle or leafless tree. It is not she whom the winter wind whisks to destruction in the dusk of a troubled evening. Those are not her expanded wings that maintain the water-logged corpse floating in the puddle in the lane. It is not upon her plump tissues that wren, tomtit, and hedge-sparrow fare more or less sumptuously every day. All these risks the male has to run in order that the female shall be safe, hiding all day in cunning crevices below ground level, and crawling up to meet her lovers—for she has almost always choice of suitors—under the safe shade of dusk.

PROTECTIVE COLOURS MISAPPLIED.

Nature has done her best for the male, too, of course; although the imperative necessity of safety for her favourite sex throws almost all the risks of life upon him. She has given him, for instance, the most admirable protective colouring, designed in such subtle, sombre hues that at rest in his usual sleeping-places by day he is almost invisible against the bark of tree trunk, gnarled root, or withered leaf. Yet she has not been able to give him reasoning powers to select the hiding-places best suited to his colouring. One of the favourite resting-sites of all winter moths is the surface of tarred palings, where such are to be found, close to their evening haunts; and upon these the luckless creature sits with expanded wings, conspicuous to the moth-collector at half-a-dozen yards. Apparently the instinct of the creature is to seek the darkest places that he can find to hide in during the long hours of daylight, and to his eyes, the black, tarred paling looks very dark indeed. For the winter moth goes by no means alone in his mistake. All through the summer the same tarred palings will have been the resort of moths of every hue. Even the snow-white Satin moth may be found sitting placidly at high noon in August upon a black gate, thinking apparently that it is better concealed there than even upon the silver-splashed trunk or the cottony leaves of the white poplar overhead, where it was born and bred. Nature can only work by averages; and in teaching the small life of dusk to seek darkness for the daytime she had no opportunity to warn it against black palings, because these did not exist until its education was practically finished.

MOths THAT MIMIC DEAD LEAVES.

Yet within her limits Nature has achieved no greater successes than in her colouring of moths, especially of those which have to face the perils of the

leafless months. In June it matters little what the shades of a moth's wings may be. It has only to plun e into the densest foliage of hedge or tree, and the chances are few that any bird's prying eye will find it. In autumn, however, the foliage all lies in a russet carpet on the ground, and all the green that the trees bear is in blotches of moss and lichen. Consequently we find that almost all of the moths of autumn which assemble to feast on the honey of the ivy are skilfully coloured in all the russets and browns of the dead leaves among which they hide, while the residue are cunningly shaded and speckled with the greens of moss and lichen.

ENTOMOLOGISTS' ERRORS.

It is the worst fault of our entomologists that in their "collections" they so utterly ignore the living side of the department of Nature which they have made their special study. They seem to measure science by its "Latin" names, and the honoured expert is he who has the most interminable rows of "series" of specimens all set in exactly the same conventional and unnatural position, with legs, wings, and antennæ all sticking out at the same angles. No doubt a collection of dead butterflies and moths thus arranged is very pretty—almost, if not quite, as pretty as a collection of sea-shells, with no suggestion whatever of the sorts of living creatures which once made and inhabited them. A collection of stuffed birds or stuffed animals is often pitiable enough to look at, but one cannot help recognising that no effort has been spared to make the specimens as "lifelike" as possible, and to set them off with a plausible imitation of their "natural surroundings." When, however, we look at a collection of insects, we invariably find them arranged with no more concession to the fact that they were once all living creatures than in the case of postage stamps or picture postcards.

A CURIOUS DEVICE.

Look at the Angle Shades moth, for instance. Here is an illustration of the protective colour. You may see him on any autumn day when you choose to "beat" the hedges. He tumbles out of the foliage to the ground, exactly like a dead leaf, and remains with his wings folded in this curiously wrinkled fashion. Posed for the purpose of photography upon a dark ground he is conspicuous enough; but it needs a sharp eye to discover him among the yellow, curled leaves that lie beneath the hedge. Though, too, we may recognise the protective utility of this arrangement of the wings of the living Angle Shades moth, we are very far indeed from understanding its full significance, or comprehending the processes by which this result, which is practically unique among British moths, was reached. Possibly by studying large collections, if these were preserved with any regard to the living attitudes and habits of the creatures, we might gain some insight into this section of Nature's archives; but what can we hope to learn from rows upon rows of specimens all "set" to please the human sense of symmetry and order, like the dead Angle Shades moth.

E. K. R.

THE LATE COLONEL M'CALMONT.

THE sudden death of Colonel M'Calmont will leave a conspicuous vacancy in many sections of English society. He was a great agriculturist and had won a gold cup at the Smithfield Cattle Show about half-an-hour



A TYPICAL ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

before his tragic death took place. Of him as a sportsman it is unnecessary to say much here. We were, as a matter of fact, on the eve of publishing pictures of his racing stud, which were held over only because it did not appear to us very seemly to reproduce them at so sad a moment. The various other positions incidental to the life of an English country gentleman he filled with a modesty very much in contrast to the assertiveness of so many of the new-made rich people. He was nevertheless one of the wealthiest men of our time, and was called upon at the early age of thirty-two—that it is to say, just ten years ago—to inherit a fortune which is estimated to have amounted to pretty nearly four millions sterling. It made very little

difference to the tenor of his life, although it gave him very many enlarged opportunities for indulging in the love of sport, which was one of his strongest characteristics. He was not only a racing man, but a good yachtsman, and fond of outdoor amusements of almost every kind. As a politician, he belonged to the Conservative side, and represented the Newmarket Division of Cambridgeshire from 1895 until the day of his death. It will not be forgotten that at a critical moment in history he volunteered for South Africa, and served with distinction in the campaign fought there. His death at forty-two will be regretted by all. He was in the very flower of his life, and might have counted on many long years of happiness and usefulness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On October 10th, in my shooting ground near Nangis, Seine and Mar, France, in a pheasant drive a young cock was shot which had three legs; the two normal ones were rightly placed, but the third one, smaller and quite atrophied, grew in the middle under the tail. The leg was well formed, but the foot and nails were white. As nobody of the people who were there, nor myself, ever saw such a phenomenon, I thought it would be interesting for your paper to have a photograph of it. The other guns were Count de la Tour-du-Pin Verclause, Viscount de Florian, M. Maure, and M. Bucquet, the president of the Paris Photo Club, who shot this curious bird and took the photograph I send you.—A. C. DE BIONCOURT.

NETHERBY DUCK SHOOTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read your article in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, there are one or two points therein which I take the liberty of bringing to your notice. Personally I consider this estate eminently suitable for wild ducks, as before I reared any at all, upwards of 150 used to be shot during the season. There are nine rivers and large streams flowing through the estate which afford water to the birds in the hardest frost. (Lakes are not so suitable for ducks, owing to their liability to freeze.) Solway Moss, too, is full of pools, and a sluggish stream of peat water runs through it which never freezes. It was always the habitat of large numbers of wildfowl of every description. It is quite true that the land in the Esk basin is rich alluvial soil, but the remainder of the estate is composed by no means of good land. Ponds are easily made in the woods, owing to the subsoil being clay. In rearing ducks for the gun, one by no means kills all that are reared. Last year 7,000 were reared and 4,000 killed; this year 10,000 were reared and 6,000 killed. I have seen as many as 120 teal in a flock here, and with two other guns have killed 18 at a rise. Before I started rearing ducks at all, I have myself killed 40 ducks and 34 snipe in two consecutive days with another gun. At certain times of the year large flocks of ducks frequent the big grass fields in the Esk basin, but are unapproachable owing to the flatness of the ground. Great quantities of wild geese and golden plover are also to be found on the lower portion of the estate where it adjoins the Solway, but few are ever shot, for the same reason.—RICHARD GRAHAM, Netherby, Cumberland.

DARRELL OF LITTLECOTE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps an examination of dates may assist your correspondent, Mr. P. H. Ditchfield, in arriving at a more just conclusion regarding the legendary charges made against William Darrell of Littlecote. All that can be brought forward is an exploded Wiltshire legend, which has been embellished by various writers, and has, in varied forms, been applied to other personages in other places. It deals with child murder, a blindfolded midwife, a bribed judge, and the violent death of the evil-doer by a fall from his horse, and was given fully in your interesting account of Littlecote. Now for the facts. Sir H. Knyvett's letter to Sir John Thynne, which Mr. Ditchfield quotes as referring to the crime, is dated January 2nd, 1578 (9), and the depositions of the midwife were made in the previous July. The alleged crime must therefore have taken place prior to that date, and the trial presumably some short time after. Yet no record whatever can be found of it, and the judge, Sir John Popham, who is said to have tried the case, was Solicitor-General from 1579 to 1581 and Attorney-General from the



latter year until 1592, when he succeeded Sir Christopher Wray as Lord Chief Justice. Neither as Solicitor-General nor Attorney-General is he likely to have presided at the assizes and acted as Darrell's judge. Indeed, there is absolutely no evidence that Darrell was ever tried by Popham on any charge whatever, and, as he died peaceably in his bed in his own house on October 1st, 1589, certainly not before Popham as Lord Chief Justice, as some of the embellishments aver. Possibly Sir H. Knyvett, who was at feud with Darrell, and who is, curiously enough, mentioned in the midwife's deposition, could have done much to explain the origin of the accusation. The trial at Marlborough Assizes in 1587, at which Darrell was the defendant, has no doubt often been confused with the midwife's story, with which, however, it had nothing whatever to do. The accusation on that occasion dealt with a very different matter—viz., "that William Darrell of Littlecote was and yet is the disturber of the peace of our Lady the Queen and the oppressor of his neighbours," and—worthy of note—it is, as a result of the proceedings, "permitted that the said William Darrell be dismissed." Now as to Darrell's "abandoned profligacy," which Mr. Ditchfield assumes too readily, partly, probably, on the strength of the legend, and partly from the divorce proceedings instituted against his wife by Sir Walter Hungerford. He omits, however, to enquire as to the result of these proceedings. Had he done so he would have found, in Sir Francis Englefield's words, that the "grete sewte ys at lengthe endyd by sentens to her (Lady Hungerford's) suffycient purgation and honor, though neyther suffycient for her recompens nor for his punysshment." It is clear, therefore, that Lady Hungerford's reputation was re-established, so what becomes of the charges against William Darrell? Is it not reasonable to contend that Darrell's conduct throughout was that of a chivalrous gentleman who befriended the neglected wife of his kinsman? With regard to the alleged gift of the Littlecote property to Sir John Popham as a bribe, is it not a much simpler explanation that as Darrell was childless and beset with financial difficulties, in consequence of his varied and intricate litigation, he compounded for the services of the ablest lawyer and advocate of his unscrupulous times, and his own kinsman, by a bequest to him of his house at Littlecote? "Personification of evil" and the rest of it are apparently mere inferences drawn from the legend; but Mr. Ditchfield should remember that William Darrell did not give up Littlecote to Sir John Popham during his life, but died quietly in possession, having apparently bequeathed it to him as his successor—a very different matter.—G. H. DORRELL.

A FIGHT TO A FINISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few weeks ago two of the red deer in Arundel Park in fighting got their antlers securely locked, and eventually drowned themselves in the lake. The enclosed photograph was taken after the deer had been drawn out of the water. I might add that it was impossible to unlock the horns after the heads had been cut off.—COLIN CAMPBELL, Arundel.



STATE FORESTRY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A friend of mine has started a kind of tree farm in Egypt, near one of the great canals, and finds it likely to be a paying concern; in fact, he thinks of extending it on a considerable scale. Trees are very scarce in Egypt, and wood has a good sale. Even at Khartoum I believe that fuel wood has to be brought from a long distance up the Nile. In South Africa there is an even greater scarcity of local timber. One of the greatest hardships of the war was the absence of even enough fuel to cook a meal. I am told that the men as they marched soon learnt to pick up and pocket every bit of dry dung they

passed, in order to have something to boil a kettle over. Every wooden post in the wire fences was pulled up and burnt; and so scarce is timber that many of the farms are fenced with iron posts and wire. All the wood was pulled out of the houses for fuel, too. As it seems difficult to find a paying job for those of our soldiers or colonists who would be willing to say in South Africa, might not the State take up tree planting on a business scale? It is just the kind of job which our white labour is suited for, not only the planting, but supervision and management. Forestry is pre-eminently a State department. It is the only agricultural business in which the Governments of the continents engage, and they do it on a vast and successful scale, though the prices and demand are simply nothing to what they would probably be in time in South Africa. For the next fifty years the woods would be increasing in value, and on their way to pay back with great returns the capital which would now be borrowed and sunk. It seems a safe investment; it would give suitable employment for a large body of colonists, or, rather, bodies of colonists; it would give them a settled centre and locality; it might, and probably would, increase the rainfall, and make its distribution more even; and it has the advantage of giving permanent and increasing employment as the area of State woods spreads. Of the difficulties, of which there are certain to be many, I know nothing. But if there were no difficulties, timber would not be so valuable there.—C. J. CORNISH, Orford House, Chiswick Mal.

ORNAMENTAL AND PROFITABLE.

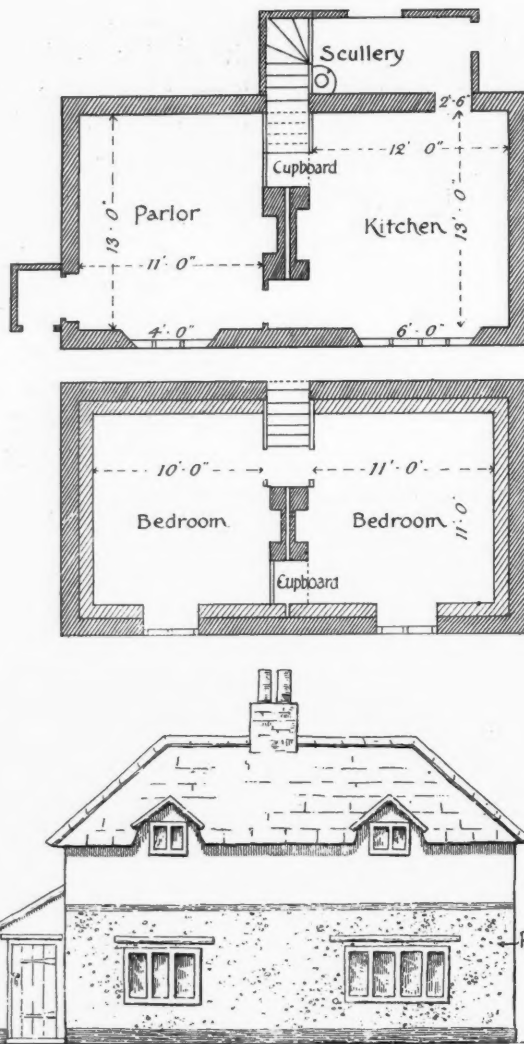
[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am under the impression that from time to time you have advocated the planting of flowering shrubs and trees for decorative purposes, and doubtless many people have beautified their parks and grounds by following the advice offered in COUNTRY LIFE. As a still further inducement to landowners and farmers to do likewise, may I point out that not a little profit can be derived from some ornamental trees? This year in Herefordshire crab apples have fetched higher prices than cider apples, always excepting the finer kinds. I have been told that the reason for this is that crabs are more suitable for jam-making than any other kind of apple, and that so much jam was consumed by the army in South Africa that the stock in this country was almost exhausted. Be that as it may, there can be no question that if our hedgerows and waste spaces were planted with crab trees the effect would be to enhance the beauty of our country lanes, and this could be done with very little cost or trouble to the farmer or landowner. Supposing the products could be sold at the prices ruling this year, this would go a little way to help in the solution of that terrible question, the rural exodus; and surely if it is possible for the jam manufacturer to buy the fruit and still make a profit, it must be as easy for the farmer's wife to employ her own spare time and that of her maids in jam-making, which must be a lucrative business, judging from the huge dividends paid by the large wholesale firms. I apologise for the length of this letter, and my only excuse is that I feel strongly that not enough attention is devoted to the remunerative by-products of a farm.—C. S., Herefordshire.

A "TOWERED" PARTRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph represents a "towered" partridge. How often one sees this occur in the shooting-field, and I have never personally known a case where the bird did not fall dead, always on its back, as here represented, and with the wings spread out a little way from the body. There has at times been a good deal of discussion as to the reason of birds towering. They are either shot through the lungs, and, bleeding rapidly inwardly, feel suffocation coming on, and mount higher and higher in the air in their efforts to obtain relief, or they are shot in the head



through certain centres in the brain, which has the effect of making them rise straight up, often at the same time spinning round in more or less of a circle as they ascend.—O. G.

CONCERNING COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I see in COUNTRY LIFE a request for plans of a cottage to cost about £150. I enclose rough sketch and plan of a cottage which I am about to put up in Scotland. This plan is the cheapest I have seen consistent with comfort. The walls will be 2ft. or 3ft. high of rubble mason work, above that horizontal overlapping planking, with 12in. air space between it and the interior matchboarding, which will be lined with felt. The roof tiled or slated. It will cost me from £60 to £70. Of course cost of building varies much in different parts, but even in expensive regions in England and with entirely rubble walls, rough cast as in sketch, I hardly think it could come to more than £150. The chimneys would be cheaper built into the walls at each end, but the extra warmth gained by having one chimney stalk in the centre is well worth a little extra outlay, and by this means the parlour, in which a fire is seldom lit, is kept dry—an important matter from the landlord's point of view. A more picturesque cottage would have a gable end projecting at right angles, but this would make the building a good deal more expensive.—C. S.-M.

VACANT FARMS IN THE NORTH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I do not think that the unprecedented number of farms now given up in the North is due so much to the seasons, as this year cannot be called a bad one by any means. We have sold beef up to 11s. 9d. a stone, and mutton at 10d. a lb.; we have a "talky" harvest, though some of the barley is not a good sample, owing to having got laid by the wind and wet, but the straw is nearly double that of last year, as the st. ck-yards show. I think you must look to the price of labour for the reason of the very large number of changes. This year the singling of turnips by the Irishman cost 10s. and 11s. per acre, and they asked 4s. per day to cut thistles. All labour is in like proportion, and on several estates I know the ordinary wages are 20s. and 21s. per week all round for the estate men. When one realises that twenty-five years ago wool ranged from 2s. 6d. a lb., and that now it is 6½d. a lb., and corn down, too, it is not hard to realise that farming to a profit is cut fine, to say the least. The high prices of store beasts, combined with the high prices of all feeding-stuffs, including maize, make it all the harder for the farmer. Cake (linseed) at the present minute is higher per hundredweight than the price of the fattest beast per stone, and the canny farmer in the North will tell you that this should never be if you wish to make a fair profit. It is a doubtful point if it pays to rear your own stock unless you have a lot of rough out-rake for the young stock to go on to, and at a low rental, too. I have known many butchers start farming, but few successfully, as I assume they find it pays better to let a farmer take the risk, as if beef goes up, and he makes, say, 5 per cent. more than usual, the butcher raises his 25 per cent., and says he cannot help it, as the farmer is getting more for his cattle. At the same time, it is an undoubted fact that farms are a drug in the market,

and many have not even been offered for this time, though they probably will be before long when the pick of the best farms has been taken. If only the working classes would realise that a fair wage in the country is far better than a higher one in a stuffy street in a town, I think the farmer would have a chance, but at present the sole idea of the women-folk is to live in a town with plenty of shops and life, and a cottage in the country is scorned. The custom of public hiring every six months and the eternal "flitting" are largely to blame for the dearth of labour, as servants do not take a pride in the farm or estate as they do in the South, where a man stays in the same place and of en in the same house for years, which goes on from father to son.—TENANT, Northumberland.